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THE LOST HEIRESS:
STORY OF HOWLET HALL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE CURSE OF CLIFTON," "SHANNONDALE," "THE DESERTED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

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CHAPTER XI.

THE FOREST HOME.

A green and silent spot amid the hills,
A small and silent dell! O'er stiller place
No singing sky-lark ever poised herself.
Oh, 'tis a quiet, spirit-healing nook,
Which all, methinks, would love—but chiefly she—
The humble one who, in her youthful years,
Knew just so much of sorrow as had made
Her early womanhood more securely wise.
Coleridge.

When that awful day—that day of darkest woe was over—when the last sorrowful offices of love, and the last solemn rites of religion, had been performed for the dead, and when all hope to recover the living and the lost had failed, and been abandoned, and when the sorrowful widow could remain no longer absent from her ill and orphaned boy,—then Father Goodrich placed his parish for a week under the sole charge of his colleague, and harnessed up his little donkey-cart to take Ellen and her child home. To the poor young widow this was a very sorrowful journey, full of harrowing recollections and associations. In passing every familiar scene he loved so well, her heart bled afresh—and on reaching the chosen spot of which he had spoken so hopefully on the last happy day of his life, her grief burst forth with passionate violence. And nothing could have sustained her through this last trial but the presence, the prayers, and the religious consolations offered by the good priest.

It was late in the evening when they reached Deep Dingle, the forest home of Ellen. It was a grey rock cottage, overgrown with moss and drooping vines, and overshadowed by high, wooded hills. There was no cultivated ground about it, except a small garden, with a few fruit trees, enclosed by a low stone wall, moss-grown and covered with creepers, like the cottage.—As the little old donkey-cart wound slowly and carefully down the rocky hill, old Abishag, the nurse, stood watching at the cottage gate. And as it drew up and stopped, and Ellen got out, the old servant came forward to meet her, and the young widow burst into a flood of tears, and threw herself, weeping, into the arms of the faithful and affectionate creature.

That told the tale!

Ellen almost instantly disengaged herself, and asking how the sick boy was, without waiting for an answer, rushed into the house, to ascertain for herself.

"And where is the old mistress?" asked Abishag, as she received the young baby from the arms of Father Goodrich.

"We do not know—she has been missing since the day of the execution. When I return to the city, I shall prosecute the search further. And now, Abishag, you must not afflict your young mistress with any questions or comments upon anything that has occurred in the city. You must not even give her the least encouragement to talk about those things, even if she is disposed to do so; but try to draw her mind off, and interest her in the affairs of the house keeping and the children. How is the sick child?"

"A good deal worse, sir," said old Abishag, heaving a deep sigh at these accumulated troubles.

The priest hastened into the house, where he found Ellen in the extremity of anxiety, by the bedside of her boy, who was rolling about in the delirium of fever, and piteously calling for the mother who, unrecognized, bent over him. The imminent danger of this child was of the greatest benefit to Ellen. It aroused her from the deep despair that might else have been fatal. It taught her, by the fear of losing him, how great the blessings were that yet remained to bind her to life—to excite her to action. The extreme illness of her boy lasted several days, and when the crisis of life and death was safely passed, and the child lived, she experienced what she never thought to feel again—joy, gratitude to God, hope for the future! She was enabled to listen to the practical advice of Father Goodrich, who had remained with her during this danger. The priest advised her to write to her wealthy relatives—who had, indeed, disowned Ellen ever since her love marriage with poor William O'Leary, but who, if they had hearts of flesh, must pity and succor her in her heavy misfortunes. Ellen was not composed enough to write, but she permitted Father Goodrich to write for her.—And the priest still deferred his departure until the answer should be received.

It came,—a hard, unchristian letter, the pith of which was a coarse and vulgar proverb:—that "'Ellen' had made 'her' bed 'she' must lie upon it," and this last disgrace of her husband's death on the gallows, forever precluded the possibility of a recognition of her by her family. It was a letter to which there could be no possible answer.

"Leave them to God, my poor lamb—leave them to God," said the good priest; "all our acts are seeds sown in the present to be reaped in the future. They are sowing—they are sowing. Let's wait and see what they will reap!"

"I have no claim upon them," said Ellen, gently. "I chose for myself—and do not now, Heaven is my witness, repent my choice, though it has led me down into the darkness of the shadow of death. Willie——"

But here her voice broke down in tears and sobs, and she wept convulsively, and exhausted herself before she was able to go on speaking.

"Willie was no murderer, though he died a murderer's death! Willie was good, and I had rather now be his poor widow than the wife of the rich man they wished me to marry. It is not that. But, oh! I will admit to you, that there is something that tries my faith beyond all things—that tries, and crushes, and almost destroys my faith!"

"And what is that, my child?"

"Oh! it is to look around into the world and see how guilt thrives—how virtue suffers; to look around me and see how selfishness, injustice, pride, cruelty, do prosper, increase and continue—while the disinterested, the just, the merciful and the humble, fail and suffer and lose. And to remember, father, that there is a righteous, all powerful God above all, who sees and does not interfere."

"My child, you must remember that, above all, God has given to His creatures FREE-WILL; the government of the world is a MORAL government. When he sees the oppressor triumph, he does not strike him down with a thunderbolt—even to rescue His own oppressed child from unmerited suffering. Such an act, however it might suit our notions of prompt justice, would destroy our free-agency and God's moral government, and constitute Him a tyrant, and this glorious universe a universe of slaves—governed through terror. No, Ellen, the Lord speaks to the *conscience* of the oppressor—if he will but hear the unobtrusive, 'still small voice'—He speaks to the broken *heart* of the oppressed, inspiring it to seek Him, and pouring Divine balm and comfort over it. And when the life of probation is over, and both the oppressor and the oppressed shall stand before His judgment-seat—then shall they both receive of the fruits of their lives. Oh! let wronged, oppressed and suffering hearts, think of this—think of this, and bear up! The prosperous wrong-*doer* seems very happy—very happy, no doubt—and has everything in this world his own way; and he drowns the 'still, small voice' of conscience, in the convivial chorus song of the passions; but let him know that the God whom he has forgotten, has not forgotten *him*. And the poor wrong-*sufferer* seems very hapless, certainly—even the oppressor in his very best moods, half pities while he despises him; and if it were not for selfishness, would deal him more justice; but let the victim know that the God who does not yet interfere—still sees, still watches, and still waits—that He sympathizes with his sorrows, rejoices in his patience, and will finally bless his love with a blessing inconceivable and full of joy—for 'Eye hath not seen, ear heard, nor hath it entered into the imagination of the heart, to conceive the joys that God has prepared for those that love Him.'"

"But, my dear child," said the priest, after a thoughtful pause, "do not fall into the sad but common mistake of the virtuous unfortunate, and falsely imagine that prosperity and success attend sin and selfishness alone, while misfortune and adversity wait only on the footsteps of righteousness. It is not always so, even in this world of imperfection and trial—God forbid! No! 'Godliness is profitable in all things having the promise of the world that now is, and that which is to come'—this is the rule, my dear child, and the reverse of it is the exception."

"But, Father! the exception *is* much more striking than the rule!"

"Because the rule is common place—the exception rare—therefore the exception is much more apt to impress than the rule."

Since the refusal of her relatives to assist her, it became necessary for Ellen to reflect and decide—or rather for Father Goodrich to reflect and decide for her upon what should be done for the support of the family. Ellen was skillful in various kinds of fine needle-work; she was also a good scholar. Here, in her forest home there was certainly no market for her labor, in either capacity of seamstress or teacher; but in the city she could certainly find employment for so dexterous a needle as hers, and she *might* even get pupils, though the latter was doubtful. Alas! for the memory, for the shame of her husband's death! the shadow of that gallows tree lengthened dark along all her future path of life! After much consultation, it was arranged that Ellen should give up her home at the end of the next quarter, and remove to town, and that in the meantime, Father Goodrich should go thither, and try to interest some of the ladies of his congregation for his poor, young protege. So, after having remained in the neighborhood a fortnight, Father Goodrich took leave of Ellen and returned to town. And the young widow was left with her children in her sylvan home, to be nursed back to health of mind and body by the holy inspirations of religion, the peaceful ministrations of nature, and the healing influences of time. The good priest regularly corresponded with her, encouraged her much in regard to her future prospects in the city, and comforted her always with his pious counsels. But though in every letter she inquired, and though he still kept up the search, he could give her no information, because he could obtain none, of Norah. The private misgiving of the priest was, that Norah, upon the day of her son's death, had, in a fit of frenzy, drowned herself. But he shrunk from giving this opinion expression. Ellen, on the contrary, had no such thought. She knew her mother-in-law had relatives scattered all through the mountainous districts of the State. And Ellen imagined, that on the day of the execution, Norah had fled from the scene of her anguish, and taken refuge among them. Therefore, Ellen continually expected to hear from her. And thus nearly three months went by, when, one evening, the seventeenth of July, Ellen sat on her door-step, soothing her still delicate boy to sleep, and herself soothed into peace by the beauty of the sylvan scene, and the stillness of the evening. Suddenly a shadow fell upon her, and she raised her eyes. Norah stood before her. With an exclamation of surprise and joy, Ellen sprang up, put the boy down, and caught the wanderer in her arms, crying,

"Oh, mother! is this you, sure enough! Oh, mother! I am so—so glad—so—"

And Ellen burst into tears. Norah did not return her embrace. Norah could not; her arms were locked tightly around something that she carried on her bosom; but she said, faintly,

"Ellen, move out of my way at once, and let me come in and sit down, for I am almost dead!"

And Ellen, with affectionate and anxious trepidation, pushed the door wide open, and drew forward the old cushioned chair. And Norah sank into it heavily, and with a deep groan, and uncovered the sleeping child and laid it on her knees. Ellen drew near, and gazed with surprise, and curiosity, and tender interest, and then exclaimed, interrogatively,

"A baby, my mother. Why, where on earth did you get it from? Whose is it?"

But instead of answering these questions, Norah only sighed and groaned, but presently said,

"Ellen, if you have got a fan give me one, for this poor little wretch is nearly suffocated with heat."

Ellen took down from the mantel-piece a spread turkey wing, and handed it to Norah, and while the latter was fanning the child, Ellen kneeled down by it to take a nearer view.

"Poor little thing, how pale it is, mother? Is it sick?—*whose is it?*"

"She is half famished, Ellen! Do call Hag, and tell her to bring some new milk for her."

"It is a girl, then—*whose child is it*, mother?"

"Do go and do as I ask you, Ellen, and then I will tell you."

"Mother! Abishag has just this moment taken the pail and gone to milk Blossom; I can see her return from here, and when she comes I will tell you."

And now for the first time—the large shawl having fallen—Ellen noticed the rags of her mother-in-law's attire.

"Yes! you may look, Ellen! but I have not slept under a roof for four months!"

"Mother!"

"It is true, Ellen! But it has not killed me, as you see! *Nothing* can kill me—that is the worst of it! I cannot catch cold—I cannot starve—I cannot weary myself to death. Ah! Ellen, a deathless grief is a deathless life!"

"Mother!"

"And suicide is the only sin for which there is no repentance, and no pardon!"

"Mother! Mother! you look wild and weary! Give me the child! Tea is almost ready, a cup of it will restore you. Go, lie down until it is ready, mother, and when you have rested, and have drunk it, I will bring you warm water, and a fresh suit of night clothes, and then you can go to bed and sleep comfortably, and to-morrow you will be better."

"*Comfortably! Better!*" exclaimed the wretched woman, with a horrid laugh, which waked up little Maud, who started out of her heavy sleep with a cry of terror.

Poor babe. She had now been thirty-six hours in the hands of her captor, and already want, exposure, fatigue, improper food, and occasional fits of grief and terror, and longing for loving, familiar forms and faces, had made the baby ill, and physical pain was added to all her other sufferings. And now she awoke again and looked around with an anxious, searching look—but no mother or nurse, or loving auntie appeared there to make her little, perplexed, and troubled heart leap for joy—all was strange and dreary. And she gazed at Ellen's gentle, pitying face as if half expecting to recognize in hers a familiar countenance, but a minute served to disappoint the little one in this, and she turned away with piteous, trembling lips, and bright tears standing on her cheeks. Ellen held out her arms, and spoke gently and coaxingly to her. And the little one looked up to her face again with an inquiring, sorrowful, confidential smile, and murmured,

"Minnie!"

"Poor little thing! Yes, she *shall* go to her Minnie—come along!" said Ellen.

And in an instant the child almost leaped into those extended arms. And Ellen pressed her to her bosom, and softly caressed her. But—

"Minnie! *now*, Minnie!" persisted the child, pulling at Ellen as if to pull her along somewhere.

Ellen still caressed and coaxed, and tried to soothe the child, but little Maud began to sob in piteous tones,

"Minnie! Minnie!"

At last a bright thought struck Ellen. She went to her nursing chair and sat down in it, and bared her bosom, and placed little Maud to her breast. But this action seemed to wake a host of tender, loving memories in the infant's heart, for with both hands she pushed away the offered breast, and burst into a wild passion of tears, crying,

"Minnie! Minnie! *my* Minnie!"

Ellen turned very pale with pity. She sought in every way to comfort the child without success, for "Minnie! Minnie! *my* Minnie" was still her piteous wail. At last Ellen walked rapidly up to where Norah still sat, and—

"Who *is* her mother? Has she *got* one? *Where* is she? What *can* we do for her? for, indeed, her cries almost break my heart!" she asked.

"Her mother and father are both dead. They died with the fever that broke out on the ship in which they sailed from Ireland. They left no other children, only this baby, and I took it to save it from the poor house," said Norah.

And as Ellen still looked astonished and wondering, she added, impatiently,

"I wa'n't going to let my nephew's child go to the poor-house! You would not expect me to do such a thing, would you?"

"No, surely not. Hush, hush, my darling baby! You shall go to your Minnie by-and-bye, (when you go to Heaven)."

"Well! George Grove was my nephew. You have heard me talk about George Grove?"

"Yes. No. I don't know!"

"Oh, yes you have! You forget! Well, George Grove, poor fellow, with his wife and child were coming over to this country, and they took the fever and died, and when the ship got to A——, I took the child to keep it off the parish, as I said. And another time I will tell you more about it. I am too tired now. And there comes the old woman with the milk," said Norah, in a wearied tone.

And Ellen, who, of all human beings, was the most simple and credulous, and the least suspicious, took the babe with her, and went for the fresh milk. And Norah, who felt no remorse for the theft of the child, experienced a pang of wounded pride in feeling herself forced to invent a falsehood to conceal that theft.

Days passed, during which Little Maud, infant-like, at intervals suffered herself to be amused, and then remembered and moaned for her mother. But at the end of the week the vision had faded in the baby's memory, and in another week, Ellen had won her love entirely to herself. And from this time the child's vigorous organization rebounded into fine health. The time drew near when Ellen was to leave her sylvan home. Ellen spoke of it to her mother-in-law. But Norah was totally passive and indifferent—she seemed to have lost all care for all things in life. Her looks and manners gave Ellen great anxiety. The wretched woman would sometimes sit for the whole day without speaking or eating, and when night came, instead of going to bed, she would wander forth into the forest, and be absent till morning. And Ellen, at last noticed, with startling terror, that these eccentric habits always recurred upon the change of the moon, increasing in erraticism towards its full, and abating with its wane. And the poor young widow could no longer doubt that her wretched mother was a lunatic. She was a harmless one as yet, but as her malady increased, Ellen feared very much what might be its consequences to herself and others, especially as there was no one to look after and take care of her except Ellen's self and old Abishag. The latter was charged with the duty of following the poor, distraught one in all her wanderings through the forest. And at such times, when, perhaps, for several successive nights, poor old Hag had lost her sleep in this severe service, her complaints and expostulations would be neither few nor short, in fact they would be both unmeasured and unsparing. And when, after a weary pursuit of several hours, on some moonlight night, she would come up with her mistress, sitting in the depths of the forest, she would stand before her holding her sides, and puffing and blowing, and haranguing after the following fashion:

"Now, look here, ole Mist', what *does* yer think o' yerse'f, fur a 'spectable ole 'oman, o' yer age—let alone a 'sponsible member o' deciety—to be a gwine on at dis yer rate? A tramper-prowlin' t'rough the big-woods all the hours o' the night, like a wagabone runaway nigger, as is no 'spect for herse'f? 'Deed, Lord *knows* is I 'shamed o' yer, ole Mist'. Purty thing, at my ven'able time o' life, to catch myse'f vanderbowin' t'rough the woods, like a wagrant, all hours o' the night! 'Deed, I'se 'fraid if things gwine on in this way much longer, people take me up for a dissipated corrector!" Then in a soft, wheedling tone—"Come, ole Mist'—come, chile, come—come, honey, come home—that's a good lady! come home. 'Sider how we-dem ain't had a wink o' sleep these three blessed nights, all along o' trampin' up an' down the country arter *you*. 'Deed, Lord *knows* does I, 'spect we-dem be 'rested on 'spicion o' wagabone. Come, ole Mist', take a 'fection on to it, that's a good soul! 'Sider how it's gwine on to twelve o'clock, an' we-dem had no sleep for tree nights, an' me got to git up yearly to-morrow mornin', to milk *de* cows an' git breakfast." Then, with rising wrath—"Look yer, ole Mist'! I'm gittin' tired off o' this yer! You stop bein' of a baby, now, an' git up, an' come along home! Do you hear me, I tell you, ole Mist'? *I* shill go 'way an' leave you, case I ain't a-gwine to be stayin' out yer in the woods, catchin' my death o' cold, all along o' yer rotten, infamously nonsense! Come along home!" &c., &c., &c.

But Abishag might as well have talked to a rock, for any impression that she made. And many were the nights that poor old Hag spent walking after and watching her lunatic mistress.

Ellen deferred her departure for still another quarter, upon account of the autumn fevers that prevailed in the city, and to which she shrank from exposing the children. This second delay brought the first of November, by which day all was arranged for the removal of the little family. Her landlord kindly assisted her in settling up her business in the neighborhood, and transporting her furniture to the city. And the good priest—"good shepherd of the sheep," indeed—engaged a small, cheap house in town, for the poor widow and her children, and came down into the country to attend them thither.

By the middle of November they were settled in their humble new home. Abishag had insisted on coming to town with the young family, that were as dear to her as if they had been her own children, and indeed it would have been very difficult for Ellen to dispense with her services.

Ellen's only friend in the city was Father Goodrich, and it was through his kind offices that she obtained as much needle-work as she could possibly do. And she worked steadily, from the earliest dawn of day, till twelve or one o'clock at night, while old Abishag took care of the house, the children and the lunatic grandmother. But alas! alas! what could one frail pair of woman's hands do towards supporting a family of six, where house-rent, and fuel, and lights, and food, and clothing were to be purchased for them all? Ellen worked very hard, but without making her family comfortable—without doing more than just keeping their souls and bodies together.

Father Goodrich entreated her to send the old woman to a Lunatic Hospital, and place her children in the Orphan Asylum. But Ellen would shake her head—

"*His* mother and children, Father? No, Father, not while I have hands to work for them."

Nor would Ellen accept charity, even from the venerable hands of her confessor.

"No, Father, no! You may think it pride, but it is not—or at least, Father, such a pride seems to me a minor virtue, a safeguard." So would Ellen reply to the expostulations of the aged priest.

And toil and privation are long in doing their work, and so *three* years of wretched penury passed away before Ellen's health and strength utterly failed. It was the year that the great pestilence broke out in the city. And that autumn found Ellen herself in the Infirmary, her children in the Orphan Asylum, her mother-in-law in the Lunatic Hospital, and poor old Hag in the Alms-House.

We must now return to the Governor's family.

CHAPTER XII.

SORROW AND SOLACE.

If life be heavy on your hands,
Are there no beggars at your gate,
Nor any poor about your lands?
Oh! teach the orphan boy to read,
Or, teach the orphan girl to sew;
Pray Heaven for a human heart,
And let your selfish sorrow go.
Tennyson.

Augusta arose at last from her bed of illness—arose the mere shadow of the beauteous woman she had been before. It was a most sorrowful convalescence. As she sat in her easy-chair, or moved languidly about the house, everything, every hour in the day, every minute in the hour brought up the image of her lost babe, and added fresh poignancy to her sharp sorrow. And then came dreams of the lost child. She dreamed of her almost every night—of her being found—of her being restored to her in some miraculous manner; and again—most strange introversion! she dreamed that her *loss* was but a dream, and that she had wakened up to clasp her living, loving child! And oh! the waking from such real dreams as these, was like death! It was again to suffer all the sharp anguish of a new bereavement! And so were dreams and realities confused in her brain, that it was feared that in the mental anarchy, her reason would be dethroned.

For a long time even after she had arisen from her bed, she had not noticed her dress or that of her household; but one day, when an unusually gay colored autumn dressing-gown was brought to her, she suddenly shut her eyes, and turned away, and afterwards asked for black—black—nothing would suit her but black; she would henceforth wear nothing but black—nor would she suffer any member of her family to approach her, who was not clothed in black; and her whole household was clothed in mourning. Poor mother! she would have clothed the whole heavens and earth in mourning, if she could have done so. Her friends and acquaintances would have expostulated with Augusta upon this point—they would have told her that this funereal array would but serve to keep her infant constantly in her mind—"to keep her infant constantly in her mind." As if the image of "Sweet Maud" was ever absent for a moment! But, Augusta was too unnerved to argue, or she would have said that these mournful shades suited her soul's sorrow—and moreover, it was her will that every honor should be paid to the memory of little Maud, that would be accorded to the memory of a great man or beautiful woman gone in his or her prime. The poor sorrow-crushed mother did not say this—she did not even *think* it—she only *felt* it, and acted on the vague but strong feeling. And Daniel Hunter would not suffer her to be annoyed by any contradiction. Be it so, he said. Let the whole household be clothed in mourning; let the whole house be closed to the outer world, if she wished it—if it would in the least degree serve to soothe that shattered nervous system. He even saw that her wishes in that respect were executed. And to the objections of his family, he replied that he would well know when the proper time came to change all this. For the present, his suffering wife must not be permitted to feel the least additional disturbance or irritation—that her frail and tottering life and reason must be most tenderly watched, sustained, and nursed back to firmness and health. He said it—and he crushed the mighty sorrow in his own heart, that he might better support her. The strong will that had once subjugated, now served to shield her from the very least of all outward disturbances, that in her weakened state would have been rude shocks. Even his mother and father, who wished to approach their daughter-in-law with well-meant but injudicious efforts at consolation, had to give way before his will. And of all his sisters, he would permit only Letty to approach her at will. And of her brother, Letty said that he seemed gifted with a sixth sense for the preservation of his wife—and surely the instinct of affection *is* a sixth and higher sense, and certainly Augusta must have perished, but for the matchless tact and tenderness that watched over her. It was *his* care that subdued all lights, that they should not glare—all noises, that they should not grate upon her weakened and excitable senses. It was his arms that sustained her—his bosom that pillowed her head in every fresh burst of grief—until at last a new feeling was awakened, and she grew to realize how priceless was that love that Heaven had left her still; she grew to realize how painful the self-government he was exercising—how great the sorrow he was subduing for *her* sake; and dawned in her heart at last the feeling that she must conquer *hers* for his sake; and in the midst of her outburst of grief she took his hands and kissed them with as much of fervent honor as of love. Sorrow drew those two hearts nearer, if possible, together. The Holy Bible became their book of books—and they studied together its sacred pages, drawing large draughts of consolation from its divine fountains; their christianity, that had been a mere intellectual assent to the Scriptural code of morals, became spiritualized—their very benevolence and philanthropy that had been a mere moral inspiration, became a sympathetic emotion; in a word, the divine discipline of sorrow had turned the hearts of stone into hearts of flesh. Yes—they confessed to each other that they had made too much, and suffered others to make too much of an idol of their beloved child; that they must have finally ruined her moral nature by worshipping her very faults because they were *hers*.

During all this time Daniel Hunter was unremitting in his attention to the affairs of the State—and those who saw him, pale and haggard with stifled grief, said,

"The Governor works too hard! only see with what painful, anxious interest he engages in the business of the commonwealth."

They could not imagine—these people who had no children, or who had a number of children—the long-continued wasting, the sorrow, the "aching void," left by the loss of this little one.

By very gradual degrees Augusta admitted her family connections and friends to see her. Of all the family, Old Daniel seemed the most considerate and tender, yet even he, seeing her darkened windows, and mourning robes, and the dreadful pallor of her face, expostulated mildly, saying,

"Ah, Augusta, Augusta, this is all a protest, a reproach to Heaven!"

"Ah, no! It is not! It is not! Heaven forbid! It is only consonant to my feelings, father!"

"And is thy heart so dark, so gloomy and so hopeless as this, Augusta? And does thee believe thy Bible?"

"*Sir*, father, if she had been removed from me in any other way! But this—but this!"

"Without sickness—without pain—without suffering of any sort—to be snatched at once from sweet, healthful, happy sleep to Heaven! Was that an ill death, Augusta?"

But Augusta was weeping bitterly, and could not reply.

"Does thee believe thy Bible, Augusta? Does thee believe in God, and Heaven, and Immortality? Does thee believe that 'as such' as thy child is 'the kingdom of Heaven'? I ask, does thee believe this with thy heart? or does thee only confess it with thy lips? I tell thee, Augusta, that Scripture truths, Christian revelations, in order to do us good, must not only be confessed with the lips, but believed in the heart, realized, familiarized, acted upon, lived out!"

"Oh! I know, I know," sighed Augusta, "but it takes a long time and much grace to do this, my father. Be patient with me, as Heaven is, and I will try!"

Thus time wore on. The term of Daniel Hunter's administration drew to a close. He had not increased in popularity—he could not have done so—he who was the people's demigod from the first; but his reign over hearts and minds was more secure and permanent than before. He was called by popular acclamation to become a candidate for re-election. But this honor he firmly and finally declined. He was about to undertake a voyage to Europe, for the purpose of spending a year or two in travelling over the Eastern continent. The fact was, that to Augusta's first violent sorrow had succeeded a melancholy so deep and settled as to resist all the efforts of affection, and all the influences of religion—and her physicians, wearied out perhaps with a case that was beyond their ken, had recommended total change of scene and occupation. And Daniel Hunter had determined upon spending two years in travelling through Europe and the accessible parts of Asia and Africa. Therefore he made everything ready for his voyage, and after seeing his successor installed in office, in the spring of the year, with Augusta, Letty, and one maid and man servant, sailed from New York for the East. It was all very well; they spent some time profitably, gained some knowledge and experience not otherwise to be obtained, saw the old cities of the old world, with their monuments of antiquity and *chefs d'œuvres* of art, that was all; when did ever travel, change of scene, excitement, cure that sorrow which religion had only soothed? No, all these new scenes, new objects of interest, new emotions, and thoughts, and ideas, only played upon the surface of their grief, did not get beneath it to expel it.

They returned home at the end of eighteen months, to meet a great political party, clamorous for Daniel Hunter's presence and re-election. The affairs of the State had not gone well by any means, in the interval filled by his successor, who was about to become also his predecessor. And the people were importunate and vociferous for the election of the only man to whom they could now with perfect confidence entrust the reins of government. His return at this moment was an ovation. Never before had the welkin so rang with the name of Daniel Hunter. And Daniel Hunter, roused from his temporary apathy, like the war-horse from his repose, responded to the clarion call of the people, and threw himself with all his force into the melee of political warfare. And so Augusta lost him. Not but that they lived together in the greatest harmony at Daniel Hunter's town house. But that the man in whose Titan brain was embarked the destinies of an endangered commonwealth, had no time now to stop to wipe away a woman's tears, or sympathize with her morbid sorrows. And he was ever hurrying to and fro, or closeted in council with grave politicians, or shut up writing letters and dispatches, or starting upon sudden distant journeys; and the most he could find time to do for the lonely Augusta, was to press her hand, or kiss her forehead at parting, and say, hastily,

"I wish you had some absorbing object of occupation, my love. You need such an interest in life very much," or something of the sort. Yet the father had by no means forgotten his only child—his one lone and lost baby. No! many a pensive hour was given to the memory of "Sweet Maud." Many an hour when being hurried along in some steam-car, from the deep abstraction of his mind, he might have been supposed to be deep in some political problem, when his mind was only filled with the image of a laughing infant—so much for the constant integrity of human greatness. His tender memory of little Maud betrayed itself in his daily gentle attentions to other children for her sake. Daniel Hunter, the man and leader of the people—by virtue of the great brain and heart, master of millions of minds—he whom multitudes assembled to see and hail—would take into his own arms the poorest infant of the humblest mother, lest in her unassisted entrance or exit from the cars, the little one should be roughly handled. Yes, the image of "Sweet Maud" reposed in his great heart, as in some colossal mausoleum.

When, on some sudden arrival at home, he would chance to surprise his wife giving way to one of her fits of weeping, he would say,

"Enough, and more than enough of this, Augusta! Such indulgence of sorrow is a sin against Heaven and earth. It is selfish and heartless to the last degree. You have ample time and ample means; go forth among the poor and sick and sinful and suffering—visit the dwellings of penury, the hospitals, the asylums, the prisons—feed the starving, clothe the ragged, nurse the sick, visit the prisoner, reclaim the guilty. Go! take my mother with you, and go an Angel of Mercy, as Heaven intended you to be, for God has given you an angel's face and voice. Go, a messenger of redemption and hope even to the most abandoned of your fallen sisters, and see what you can do for them—for God! Have you a charge to keep or not? Were your ample means and leisure—were your angel's face and voice, your powers of intelligence, of sympathy, of eloquence and persuasion—your marvellous spell over hearts, given for your own use and enjoyment only, or for the good of humanity, the glory of God?"

Thus would he speak to her, and with great effect. It was impossible to resist the eloquence of truth and love. She did arise and go forth among the haunts of poverty, disease, sin and every phase of human misery; and in the heavenly mission she found at last, *at last*, the solace for her sorrow. In the *active duties* of domestic, social and Christian life, is found the true "balm of Gilead."

In the meantime, Daniel Hunter was re-elected by an almost unanimous vote. And in due course of time the second Inauguration came off with all the "pomp, pride and circumstance" of the first solemnity. And once more the Governor's family were re-established in the Executive Mansion. But the rounds of State dinners, receptions, etc.,—the exacting duties of her position—were not allowed to withdraw Augusta entirely from the better beloved work of her Divine Master, into which she had engaged with all the constitutional fervor and devotion of her nature. And, indeed, the summer that followed Daniel Hunter's re-election was a season when the heaviest claims were made upon the benevolence and humanity of the rich and powerful. The fearful pestilence was striding through their midst, and hundreds fell before its withering breath. Its first victims were, as usual, among the very poor—and so rapid was its progress, that in three weeks after its first appearance, the hospitals and infirmaries were filled. Nearly all who were able to go, fled the doomed city. Few remained beside those moral heroes, the physicians, and those Christian martyrs, the Sisters of Charity. The senior members of Daniel Hunter's family had fled in dismay to Howlet Hall. But the Governor would not desert his post of duty. And his faithful wife would not either forsake him in his danger, or her suffering poor in their extremity. She, too, remained, putting herself and hers under the protection of God.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Our Picture Gallery.

THE MAHOGANY TREE.

Mahogany, although now in such general use as a furniture wood, was not introduced into England till 1724, but it was used in repairing some of Sir Walter Raleigh's ships at Trinidad, in 1597.

Mahogany is the wood of a tree of *Swietenia*, of the natural family *Cedrelaceæ*, named by Jacquin, in honor of J. Van Swieten. It grows in the West Indies and Central America; there are two other species found in the East Indies, but they are not much known in England.

The mahogany is one of the most majestic and beautiful of trees, with a large spreading head, and pinnate shining leaves. Its trunk is often forty feet in length, and six feet in diameter, and is divided into many massive arms, and throws the shade of its shining green leaves over a vast extent of surface. It is abundant in Cuba and Hayti, and it used to be plentiful in Jamaica; but, in the latter island, most of the trees, at least in accessible situations, have been cut down.

The principal importations into Great Britain are made from Honduras and Campeachy. That which is imported from the Islands is called "Spanish Mahogany;" it is not so large as that from Honduras, being generally in logs from 20 to 26 inches square, and 10 feet long; while the latter is usually from 2 to 4 feet square, and 12 or 14 feet long, but some logs are much larger.

Like the pine tribe, the mahogany timber is best on dry, rocky soils, or in exposed situations. That which is most accessible at Honduras, grows upon moist, low land, and is, generally speaking, inferior to that brought from Cuba and Hayti. Honduras mahogany has, however, the advantage of holding glue admirably well, and is, for this reason, frequently used as a ground on which to lay veneers of the finer sort. The cutting of mahogany at Honduras takes place at two different seasons—after Christmas and towards Midsummer. The negroes employed in felling the trees are divided into groups of from ten to fifty. The trees are cut about twelve feet from the ground, and are floated down the rivers.

The illustration above shows a party of negroes conveying away Spanish wood.

The best qualities of mahogany, such as the finest Spanish, bring a very high price. Some years since, Messrs. Broadwood, the piano forte manufacturers, gave the large sum of £3,000 for three logs of mahogany! These logs, the produce of a *single tree*, were each about 15 feet long, and 38 inches square; they were cut into veneers of eight to an inch. The wood was particularly beautiful, capable of receiving the highest polish; and, when polished, reflecting the light in the most varied manner, like the surface of a crystal; and, from the wavy form of the pores, offering a different figure in whatever direction it was viewed. Dealers in mahogany generally introduce an auger before buying a log; but they are seldom able to decide with much precision as to the quality of the wood, so that there is a good deal of lottery in the trade. The logs for which Messrs. Broadwood gave so high a price, were brought to England with a full knowledge of their worth.

Pictures of Life.

TALE OF A FLIRT.

"Clara, what was that Mr. Grey was saying to you last night, when he put on your shawl?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Nothing. Why did he whisper it, then? and why did you dance with him nearly all the evening? You had no time to speak to me, and I went only to have the pleasure of seeing you."

"Oh, jealous, jealous," laughed Clara.

"No, Clara, only hurt."

"Why, because I polked last night with George Grey? What nonsense, Harry, you are positively absurd."

"I am sorry you think so, Clara, but if you had paid me the compliment of remembering my wishes, you would have recollected the aversion I have to seeing you either waltz or polk."

"How ridiculous! Really, Harry, you might as well forbid my going out at all. If you don't like me to polk with young Grey, why don't you learn it yourself?"

"Me! my dear Clara, what are you thinking of?"

"Yes, to be sure, it would be rather out of character, to see a surplice and bands doing toe and heel," said the giddy girl.

"How you pain me, Clara, when you speak so thoughtlessly. How can I ever hope you will settle down into my quiet little home, and act the part of a Christian clergyman's wife, when you talk so lightly of the dignity of his calling."

"You are in a very queer humor to-day, I think, Harry; first, you began scolding about George Grey putting on my shawl, then about my dancing with him, and now I can't even talk to please you."

"My dear Clara, I do not think you wilfully misunderstand me, but, indeed, you gave a strange interpretation to my words. I have no objection to Mr. Grey's putting on your shawl, nor to your dancing with him as well as any other partner, but I think that, considering the terms on which we stand, I have a right to remonstrate against your allowing any man the freedom of whispering in the familiar way he did last night; and at one time, not very long past, you did not think my dislike to seeing you whirled around the room in a polka at all unreasonable."

"Why, Harry, your ideas belong to the good old days of high-heeled shoes and farthingales; you would be laughed at for them now."

"Very possibly, but you knew them when you first permitted me the happiness of considering myself your betrothed husband—they were not objectionable to you then, and I cannot think they are really so now; was the wish for a dance so strong as to make you risk my comfort to indulge it?"

Clara made no reply, but pulled to pieces a rose she held in her hand, and walked on quickly.

"I hope I have not vexed you, Clara; you will give me credit for sincere affections and no wish to annoy you, when I beg of you to prevent the recurrence of such things again, and will, I am sure, give me a promise not—"

"To waltz? I cannot; I am engaged for three to-morrow, at Dr. Chambers's ball."

"Three waltzes? Oh, Clara, to whom?"

"What does it matter? I mean to dance them."

"I hope not," he said, gravely.

"I do, indeed; I was laughed at enough last night, because Emily Chambers said you did not allow waltzing, and I dared not do it."

"And so, to show you were above the fear of giving me pain, you did it?"

"It is your own fault, you are so precise; I am in perpetual check of saying or doing something you will not approve. You begin very early, I think."

And the rose being now quite destroyed, she commenced the work of destruction upon her glove buttons.

I have no wish to exercise any authority over you, my dearest Clara; but when you accepted my offer, a much, much more lowly one than you deserve, I ventured to tell you how unfit for a clergyman's wife were those amusements of which you are so fond, and you agreed with me, and promised to subdue that love of admiration and flattery which caused me such uneasiness. For some weeks you faithfully kept your word, but lately I have seen with deep sorrow that the evil is still in existence—it threatens the ruin of my happiness; you must forgive me, then, dearest, if paining you as I do, I entreat you to give up this ball to-morrow."

"Indeed I can do no such thing—it is most unreasonable—every one would say I was afraid, and I should be laughed at."

"Then if you cannot give it up altogether, promise me not to dance those dances."

"Nonsense—I have promised George Grey and his friend, and I will not be made ridiculous."

"George Grey—the very man you know I object to your intimacy with, a libertine and a gambler. Clara, I ought to interfere, you must not go."

"You have no right yet to interfere—I like Mr. Grey, and I choose to dance with him."

"I will speak to your mother, she can prevent it, if I have no influence."

"It will be of no use; mamma knows I am going, and I am determined to waltz to-morrow with George Grey, and Captain James, and anybody who asks me. I will not be controlled as if I was a child," and the angry beauty swung her parasol round and round.

"Till you can control yourself you must consent to be under the restraining hand of others."

"You are rash, Mr. Craven."

"I am firm—but do not let us have words over a paltry dance, and as worthless a man. Come, Clara, for our dear love's sake give it up, and I will drive you and Miss Hebbert to Malvern to-morrow, to spend a long day with my mother; you will have an adequate consolation, my love, if you need it."

"Don't give yourself the trouble of finding me an excuse, I beg, Mr. Craven," said Clara, as she saw in his words symptoms of the strong affection on which she delighted to play. "I shall not require it. I promised to dance the Cellarius with Mr. George Grey, and I mean to do it."

"Not if I forbid it?"

"Yes, even then."

"Clara, do not go too far, you will make me think you care more than you ought for that man."

"Perhaps you might be further wrong."

"Do you want to drive me mad? but you only say it to torment me—I know you do."

"Positive assertions are often wrong," said she, coolly.

"Take care, Clara, you may try your power too far. I cannot bear this long."

"As you please—I am indifferent."

"You will be sorry for this, Clara—I warn you."

"We shall see," and she hummed the Annen Polka.

At this unlucky moment Mr. Grey rode up, and dismounting from his horse, hung his bridle over his arm, and walked beside them. Clara's evil star was in the ascendant, and she continued, after the first greeting,

"Emily Chambers tells me we are to have Haywood's band to-morrow and two new polkas that she has got expressly from London—is it not delightful?"

"You are going, then? I was half afraid last night you would not."

"Of course. My errand into town to-day was to order a bouquet, but to my great annoyance, I find all the flowers are bespoken."

"Will you leave it to me?" asked Grey, eagerly, "I can get you some."

Clara looked through her ringlets at Mr. Craven, who walked beside her, and she saw by the angry expression upon his face, how much he was annoyed, and the power to do so called up the demon of coquetry in her heart.

"Thank you, if you will take the trouble; but remember I shall depend upon them."

"They shall be upon your dressing-table by six o'clock to-morrow evening. Will that do?"

They were now at the garden-gate of Clara's house, and opening it, Mr. Craven said, in a voice almost inaudible with emotion,

"Will you allow me to speak to you for a moment, Clara? Mr. Grey will excuse you."

"Oh, certainly," replied Mr. Grey, leading his horse on the path to tie him up.

Clara passed into the shrubbery, and Mr. Craven followed.

"Upon my word this is very strange; a lecture, I suppose." She tried to appear unconcerned, but her voice trembled.

"No, for once you are mistaken. I do not take the liberty of lecturing you, but I must honestly tell you that if you value my happiness and respect so little as to go to this ball to-morrow, all must be over between us forever. You cannot guess, Clara, what it costs me to say this, but I must be resolute; if you prize a dance and that man more than me, take them. You cannot have both; but, oh, Clara, for the memory of the last happy days, have mercy on us both, and act wisely."

He tried to take her hand, but she repulsed him, and in five minutes he had left the garden, while Clara and George Grey walked together to the house.

Her mother had friends that evening, and it was remarked that never before had her voice sounded so clearly, her laugh so gay, nor her dancing so joyous. She seems in a fever of delight, but her mother, who watched her carefully, saw that whenever she was for a moment quiet, large tears were gathering in her eyes, and she knew the spirits of her child were forced; too well she was aware of the plague-spot in Clara's character, and Mr. Craven's absence, her return, accompanied by his great aversion, Mr. Grey, told her all that had happened.

The room was deserted; Mrs. Hebbert had parted with the last of her guests, and returned into the drawing-room to find Clara lying upon a sofa, her face buried in the cushions. She sat down beside her, and making no allusion to her tears said,

"Since you came in, Clara, I have had very distressing news." She looked eagerly up. "No, love, not that you fear, but still very sad. The evening's post has brought a letter from Doctor Conolly; he says your poor Aunt Honor is dying."

"Dying? Did you know she was ill?"

"No, not more so than usual; but for the last twenty years she has never been well, poor creature! I trust she will find mercy and rest hereafter. If suffering could expiate sin, she has surely a claim for pardon."

"Now, mother, you have always promised to tell me her history. I wish you would do so now, it will divert my mind, for I am not very happy to-night."

"It will not enliven you much, then, Clara, for it is a very sad one, but perhaps it may be useful; so, though it is a tale, I will tell it you. Twenty years ago, when I was first married, your father's youngest sister, Honor, was one of the very prettiest girls I ever looked upon. I have seen others more correctly beautiful, but never any one so bewitching as she was. She was as clever, too, as she was beautiful, and before she was eighteen she had received offers from some of the first men in the country; still, she had one grievous fault, with all her kindliness of heart, and her real amiability, she was an incorrigible flirt; how she could reconcile to her conscience the pain she wantonly inflicted upon every man who put himself into her power, I do not know, but in spite of warnings, lectures, and entreaties, from us all, she went on coquetting with and tormenting her admirers. It was a sad grief to her mother and sister to see such mischievous folly so possessing her, but they had one great hope,—she had never cared seriously for any of her suitors, and we trusted that a real affection for some worthy object would cure her of her weakness; it was useless talking or attempting to reason with her, for she only laughed and ridiculed the men of whom she was making such wretched tools for her vanity. She viewed them in no other way than beings for her amusement, and, while she felt so, of course all remonstrance increased the evil. Two gentlemen, whom she had led on step by step to fancy she reciprocated their feelings, made her offers, and, to their great and just indignation, she feigned the utmost astonishment, declaring she had never felt the smallest inclination to change her state, and wondered at their imagining otherwise. With one of these gentlemen, your father was involved in a serious quarrel on her account, and nothing but the interference of a judicious friend could have prevented fatal consequences. Soon after this she went from home to pay a visit to an uncle in the North, and for a time we heard nothing from her but accounts of balls and gaieties, then the name of an officer she often met was frequently repeated in her epistles, and at last a letter from the young man requesting her permission to pay his addresses came to her mother, enclosed in one from her uncle, speaking in high terms of his character and prospects. Honor, too, wrote a most glowing description of her lover—he was all the most romantic imagination could desire. 'He is quite a hero,' she said, 'as fiery as the knights of old, and as jealous—I dare not look at a sparrow—I verily believe he would quarrel with my bouquet, if he thought it was a favorite. It is certainly too bad, but somehow I feel no inclination to flirt now, and most fortunate it is.' This description of Captain Horne did not diminish our anxiety; how far the evil spirit of coquetry was destroyed in Honor, we know not, but it was evident her [illegible] would not endure twenty such [illegible] as she had been used to inflict on her admirers. I remember how anxiously it was discussed by your father and me, and our only hope was in her very apparent attachment.

"Well, the time came when she was to return, accompanied by her Lover. You may imagine how eager we all were; they arrived in the evening, and were shown into this very room. She was lovely when she went, but oh, how much lovelier when she came back to us! Her rather giddy manner and mischievous laugh were toned into a beautiful seriousness and timidity most delightful to see; she was so exceedingly happy, and showed it so openly, that all fear of a return to her former folly seemed absurd. And her lover was the very *beau ideal* of a soldier. More than usually handsome gay, frank, and courteous, he won our hearts, and had it not been for his impetuous temper and jealous dislike to any one approaching Honor, we should have thought him perfect; as it was, knowing her haunting sin, we trembled lest in some thoughtless hour she should wreck her happiness, but when we looked upon her beaming face and undisguised affection, all our apprehensions seemed idle, and we strove to banish them.

"The day was fixed for their marriage, and Captain Horne was obliged to leave her to make some preparations at his beautiful place in Surrey for the reception of his bride. I shall never forget their parting; it was most distressing, her grief was out of all reason, and when at last he tore himself away, she shut herself in her own room and did not leave it for two days; he was to be absent a fortnight, and during that time she received letters, and wrote to him every day. The time was fixed for his return, and her excitement knew no bounds. She was almost insane, she could rest nowhere; but when the appointed time arrived and he did not come, she was in a most pitiable state, we could hardly prevent her from setting off into Surrey, she was so certain that some misfortune had occurred. At last a letter was brought by express, excusing his absence for a week longer, in consequence of the sudden arrival of an old Indian friend. Just in proportion to her unnecessary alarm was Honor's indignation roused now. She felt that not for all the friends she possessed could she so have disappointed him. She could see no sufficient cause why his visitor should not have come with him here, and she was furious. In vain we tried to argue with her, she was too exasperated to attend to us. He had fixed that day week for his return, and bade her look her best.

"'I will,' she muttered, 'but not for him.' The Thursday he had named had been long de-

THE EAGLES;

OR,

TWO HEADS NOT BETTER THAN ONE.

The two-headed Eagle is cruel and stern,
Rapacious, savage, and fierce;
Like two-headed monsters and giants of old,
To its heart human feelings ne'er pierce;
Ferocious, [illegible], it preys on the weak,
Its two necks stretching widely apart;
So fair Italy's body one murderous beak,
And the other in Hungary's heart.

The one-headed eagle is valiant and strong,
Young, vigorous, active, and smart;
No *lusus naturæ*, that seems to belong
To an order of things long gone out;
But a natural being, that's living and growing
In strength and importance each day;
His two eyes looking onward—thus certainly showing
His head is fixed on the right way.

The two-headed Eagle was seen t'other day,
His four eyes looking fiercely about;
His two mouths open, ready to capture his prey;
His two sharp-smelling noses stretched out,
As he hovered o'er Smyrna. Then suddenly gleam'd
His four eyes; then a shriek and a yell!
"Ho! Fee-fa-fo-fum," he exultingly scream'd;
"'Tis Hungarian blood that I smell."

Then the two-headed Eagle came down with a swoop,
With a rush, with a dash on his prey;
And he laughed at his cries, and his claws buried deep
In his flesh as he bore him away.
And the two-headed Eagle he shrieked with delight
As the blood from his victim fell fast—
Real Hungarian blood that should furnish that night
His horrible loathsome repast.

But the one-headed Eagle, who chanced to be by,
Beholding the devilish deed,
In pursuit of the other determines to fly,
And swears that the prey shall be freed.
"Hold! two-headed Eagle," he shouts; "let him go!
'Tis I—'tis America—calls;
That Hungarian is mine—is America's; so
Release him—or look out for squalls."

Then the two-headed Eagle first stoutly denied
That he'd seen a Hungarian all day,
Then, as this will not answer, next argument tries
To establish his right to the prey.
"The Hungarian is mine!" he exclaims, "'tis my right
To prey on him, just as I please;
I have captured him—conquer'd him, settled him quite,
And may now eat him up at my ease."

But the one-headed Eagle replies:—"That be blest!
Though I don't want to kick up a row,
That Hungarian has once made his home in my nest,
And I'm hang'd but I'll fight for him now;
He dwelt in my country, he dwelt 'neath my laws;
So secure neath my wing shall repose;
Then release him—come, off with your mud'rous claws!
You won't? Well, then—darn it!—here goes!"

And the one-headed Eagle, in power and pride,
Won the day in humanity's cause;
And the two-headed Eagle was snubb'd and defied,
And his victim released from his claws.
So, in spite of the proverb, it must be confessed,
By the deeds the two powers have done,
That when on the shoulders of Eagles they rest,
Two heads are not better than one!

London "Diogenes."

A HEATHEN IN SEARCH OF MISSIONARIES.

It has been mentioned that a Marquesian chief had arrived at the Sandwich Islands, asking that one or more of the Missionaries be sent to the Marquesas. The Rev. Mr. Baldwin thus speaks of the Marquesian chief:

"I have become much interested in Matunui—not because he is what would be called interesting, but there seems to be something different from what we should expect in a purely heathen chief. The good people of Lahaina have taken deep interest in him from the time of his arrival. When he first came to my door, he was dressed in such a shirt and pantaloons as sailors wear. Our people made a collection to purchase the clothes and other needfuls for him.

"The next Sabbath morning he appeared in church, in broadcloth and a figured vest, more uncomfortable, I presume, than he had ever

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1855.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &C.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies,	$5 00	Per Annum.
8 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$10 00	"
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20 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$20 00	"

Addition to Clubs.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

A New Arrangement.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Post Masters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so.

THE CLOTHES QUESTION.

We have seen with regret in several of our exchanges, an attempt to throw ridicule upon the recent order of the Secretary of State, respecting the dress of our diplomatic agents abroad. Some allude to it as a very trifling matter, unworthy of the attention of the administration.

We do not so consider it—as we have manifested by repeated articles upon this subject, in former years. If we are not greatly mistaken, the country at large, without distinction of party, does not so consider it. Dress, while not

WE HOPE NOT.

The subject of railroads, as a substitute for omnibuses, in the streets of cities, is now attracting considerable attention in Philadelphia. There is force at the railroads here a double duty to perform, inasmuch as considerable prejudice exists against all railroad tracks in cities, on account of the want of judgment shown in laying those already down. Our principal penny-paper, the Ledger, seems to lead the van of the movement, and among other reasons for railroads, gives the following:—

All persons would, indeed, be benefited; but especially the man who is not rich. It is to the laborer, the mechanic, and the business man generally that time is valuable; that it is a matter of moment whether he is ten minutes going to dinner or half an hour. Taking the time lost at morning, noon and evening, by the omnibus system, each way may be said to lose an hour daily. The revolution that passenger railways would make in the economy of time alone, would be a mighty one. In the course of a single year, the wealth added to the general mass, by each man saving in Philadelphia an hour daily, would be comparatively immense. If we suppose twenty thousand persons to avail themselves of these railways daily—and when they should once have got fairly into use, this would not be a large estimate—the aggregate, at fifteen cents an hour, at operative's wages merely, would be three thousand dollars per day, or nine hundred thousand dollars annually, computing the year at three hundred working days only. Yet this is not an exaggerated estimate. In round numbers, the saving of time that might be effected, under a judicious system of city railroads, would be worth *a million of dollars annually*. Now communities, like individuals, grow rich, more according to what they save than what they spend. Shall Philadelphia continue to throw away this million of dollars every year?

Doctors, and ministers of health defend us! It seems that Mammon begins to grudge his worshippers even the twenty minutes now "*lost*" in going in an omnibus to dinner. Of course, all time is "lost" which is not spent in accumulating the "almighty dollar." Next there will be some railroad plan for eating devised, by which a half-hour daily, or some millions, or billions, of dollars, every year, might be saved to the community. Let us see—there are some twenty-five millions of persons in these United States. If a half hour daily, or seven cents, according to the Ledger's estimate, could be saved to each person, it would amount to $1,750,000 each day, for the whole country—or $10,500,000 each week—or $546,000,000 each year. This would be amply sufficient to build the Great Pacific Railroad—or to buy up Santa Anna and Mexico, to say nothing of Cuba and Canada.

Now, the above is a calculation "as is a calculation." We think it throws that of the "Ledger-man" completely into the shade; and he will undoubtedly own up that he is no match at cyphering with the Arithmetician we employ, especially in such abstruse and reasonable calculations.

But, seriously, and putting aside all such money-estimates as the above as the veriest humbug—does the Ledger mean not only to encourage our people in their present dyspeptic habits, but to urge them on in fresh sacrifices of health, strength and happiness at the shrine of Mammon? If city railroads will gain our business men an hour more each day, to be spent in the pleasant family circle,—so that they may have no occasion to "fail," in order to "become better acquainted with their own wives and children"—so be it; it is well. Or if such railroads will enable those to take dinner at home, who now bolt their noonday meal at a provision "slop-shop," this also is a good reason for their use. But do not, in the name of all

MEXICO.

We have rumors from Texas of an invasion of the United States by Santa Anna. The American troops in Texas are being concentrated on the Rio Grande; and a large number of Mexicans, living on the Texas side of that river, are crossing into their own country, the latter being in dread of coming hostilities which is said never to have failed. Santa Anna is represented to have organized an army of 80,000 men, decidedly superior to any ever before collected in Mexico.

Notwithstanding the above signs and omens, we have not much faith in the rumor of an invasion, or of our alleged orders have been sent to the American commander in New Mexico to take possession of the Mesilla Valley. If such orders, as was reported some time ago, really have gone, hostilities probably will be the result. We trust, however, that no such orders have been despatched by the Administration.

We further learn from Mexico that Santa Anna continues his "high-handed measures"—bad, so far as he executes political enemies on the slightest suspicion; and good, so far as he is making vigorous efforts to root out the robbers which infest the country. Another revolution is anticipated—against which, if we are not mistaken, and to warrant an imitation of Louis Napoleon, one of these days, the 80,000 troops above alluded to have been provided.

Arithmetical.—A correspondent at Columbia, Georgia, says: "Please solve the following question for the benefit of the people of Columbia. If A sells B a horse for one hundred dollars, gets him back for eighty dollars, and sells him again to C for ninety dollars, what does he make by the trade?"

Without supposing that the "people of Columbia" are nonplussed by so simple a question as the above, we may answer that as A gets one hundred and ninety dollars in his two sales, and parts with only eighty of it, he must have one hundred and ten ($110) left as the result of the three operations.

New Publications.

SERIALS.

The Works of Shakspeare, With Notes, Corrections, etc. Edited by J. Payne Collier, F. S. A. Complete in 16 parts.

Parts 9nd and 10 of this new edition of Shakspeare are for sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

The Illustrated Magazine of Art. Published by Alexander Montgomery, New York.

The September No. of this Magazine is received by J. W. Moore.

The Medical Examiner and Record of Medical Science. Edited by Francis Gurney Smith, M. D.

The issue for September is very full of medical news. Lindsay & Blakiston are the publishers.

The Annual Announcement of the Medical Department of Pennsylvania College, Ninth Street, Phila. Session of 1855-'56.

King & Baird print this Report List of the students.

The Pennsylvania Journal of Prison Discipline and Philanthropy.

This Quarterly, devoted to the cause of Prison Reform, is issued by E. C. & J. Biddle, Philada.

The Alps, Switzerland, Savoy and Lombardy. By the Rev. Charles Williams. New York: Alex. Montgomery.

C. G. Price & Co. have received this interesting illustrated serial, Part 4. To be completed

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.

NEW ENGLAND AND OTHER VILLAGES.

Dear Readers:—Before we leave the heart of New England, and by the iron sinews of

"the snorting steam-engine,"

as Mrs. Browning poetically calls what common people term locomotives, are whirled in little more than half of a summer's day into the great State of New York, we may properly say a few words about the New England villages. There is nothing which bears stronger testimony to the general education and refinement which prevail in Massachusetts, than the rural appearance which the villages present. We all know what a village generally is in the other three quarters of the Union—emphatically, as the Dictionary defines the word, a "small town." The houses, if not more in all than twenty or thirty, built closely side by side, the streets almost entirely destitute of trees—in one word, everything so managed as to combine all of the deformities of a town, with none of its handsome buildings, and other beauties and advantages. As Mr. Downing well says:*—"It is an old adage that 'a cobbler's family has no shoes;' and we are forced to call the adage up for an explanation of the curious fact, that in five villages out of six in the United States, there does not appear to have been room enough in which properly to lay out the streets, or place the houses. Why, on a continent so broad that the mere public lands amount to an area of fifty acres for every man, woman and child in the commonwealth, there should not be found space sufficient to lay out country towns, so that the streets shall be wide enough for avenues, and the house-lots broad enough to allow sufficient trees and shrubbery to give a little privacy and seclusion, is one of the unexplained phenomena in the natural history of our continent, which, along with the boulders and glaciers, we leave to the learned and ingenious Professor Agassiz. Certain, it is, our ancestors did not bring over this national trait from England; for in that small, and yet great kingdom, not larger than one of our largest States, there is one city, London, which has more acres devoted to *public parks*, than can be numbered for this purpose in all America."

Now, it seems to us that the reasons for this phenomenon which so puzzled Mr. Downing, are simply two—firstly and principally the want of taste, and secondly the want of means. We cannot wonder at seeing villages without trees and shrubbery, when we see house after house in the open country, all destitute of these signs of civilization and refinement. Even in New England, such bare and unbeautiful dwellings are frequent. And even New England towns and villages often are far below what they ought to be in this respect. Boston streets are nothing like as well shaded as those of Philadelphia. Neither is the famous Boston Common, which might with more propriety be termed Uncommon—though far superior on the whole (principally from its extent) to any public square in Philadelphia, at all equal to either Washington or Franklin Square in the proportionate number and variety of fine trees. And as to the New England villages, we praise them rather as compared with those of the rest of the Union, than as being all that villages ought to be.

We have given two reasons for the general ugliness of houses and villages in this country—want of taste, and want of means. The latter is a sufficient excuse, when it can fairly be offered. It is not every man who can afford to pay rent for a space of ground around his [illegible] or a fortune. Alas, this latter hope is seldom realized. Even when the competency or the fortune is gained—the gaining has unfitted us for its enjoyment. We grope in darkness places for our treasure—and find, when it is attained, that our eye is bare lost their original capacity for the sunlight. We have violated the law of our being, and have to pay the penalty. How much better to take our enjoyment, as the Creator doubtless designed, along with our labor—to have pleasant homes, and occasional relaxation, and the various delights of the mind and soul, even if our bank accounts, at the year's end, do not present quite so weighty a balance. To acquire a moderate competency, a man may indeed be pardoned, if not praised, for toiling early and late—but not in order that he may acquire a fortune;

"Sit with the rage contine of dying rich,
Earth's madness, and the loudest laugh of hell."

Take the money yearly wasted in politics in this country, for the support of rival parties, and apply it to the beautifying of the land, and the wildernesses of home would soon begin to bud and blossom. And how much better if a large portion of the interest now felt in politics, could be transferred to this milder, gentler current. See a little village yearly convulsed with financial and commercial questions—whether for instance the Tariff shall be essentially Protective and average thirty-five per cent., or only incidentally Protective, and average thirty per cent.—questions of very little comparative interest or importance to said village; almost entirely forgetful of matters appertaining to its real prosperity and improvement. We for one would greatly rejoice to see this excessive public spirit upon matters far away, exchanged in a reasonable degree for an interest in vastly more important local subjects. We would like to see our people through the length and breadth of the land, taking less interest in Tariffs, and more in Turfs and Trees; less in the Fisheries, and more in Fruits and Flowers; less in the Sub-Treasury, and more in the Sub-Soil; less in the annexation of the territory of others, and more in the improvement and beautifying of their own. See the village bar-room in certain sections, filled with heated disputants upon Filibusterism and Cuba—and, as Shakspeare prophetically observes, (see the latest, and most *improved* edition),

"And all for nothing!
For Cuba!
What's Cuba now to them, or they to Cuba!"

If our villages must be "convulsed with excitement," let the subject of it be the extent and location of a Public Park, or the project of lining the streets with native trees, or the organization of a Lyceum, a Library, or Debating Club, or the introduction of gas and hydrant water, or the building of a Public Hall, or something else calculated to benefit and improve themselves or their homes. Why, the energy and money expended during the last twenty years in settling and unsettling those everlasting questions of the Tariff and the Currency, would have made our farm houses and villages perfect edens compared to what they are. And after all the talk upon them, who thoroughly understands either? We venture to say not one man, Democrat or Whig, in the whole compass of these United States. And here we are—after years of turmoil and quarrel and expense—with a Tariff averaging thirty per cent., and a greater number of Banks than ever.

We have often, in riding through the country, come across houses, small, rude and dirty, which made us realize all the wretchedness and discomforts of poverty. And we have thought

Miscellaneous.

THE SENATE.

A Curious Fact in Legislative History.—It cannot have escaped the observation of those who have attended to the legislative history of our country, that with the growth of our Government, the complexion of the Senate of the United States has gradually varied from that which it appears to have worn in the infancy of our political institutions; and that the character of its deliberations more and more nearly approach that of the Representative Chamber.

The Senate, on its first organization under the Constitution, secluded itself from the public eye, and appears to have been considered rather in the light of a Privy Council to the President, than as a co-ordinate branch of the Legislature. Indeed, if we mistake not, it was so termed in conversation occasionally, if not in official proceedings of that day. There are not many, probably, of the present generation of readers, who remember the fact that, in the first session of the first Congress of the United States, President Washington personally came into the Senate, when that body was engaged on what is called Executive business, and took part in their deliberations.

When he attended, he took the Vice President's chair, and the Vice President took that of the Secretary of the Senate; or other of the Secretaries (heads of Departments) occasionally accompanied the President on these visits. The President addressed the Senate on the questions before them, and in many respects exercised a power in respect to their proceedings which would now be deemed entirely incompatible with their rights and privileges. This practice, however, did not long continue. An occasion soon arose of collision of opinion between the President and the Senate on some nomination, and he did not afterwards attend, but communicated by Message what he desired to lay before them.

At this period the Legislative as well as Executive proceedings of the Senate were always transacted in secret session, and the public knew of the proceedings of that branch of Government only from its Messages to the other House announcing its decision. It became evident, however, that in practice, all responsibility to the constituent under such circumstances was ideal; but it was not until the 20th of February, 1794, after a considerable struggle, that the Senate came to a resolution that its legislative proceedings should, after the end of that session, be public, and that galleries should be provided for the accommodation of auditors. On this question we find the yeas and nays recorded, nineteen members having voted for it, and eight against it.

From the day of this triumph of popular principles, the Senate has gradually parted with the character of reserve which appears to have belonged to it. By the increase of its members from the admission of new States into the Union, its Legislative business has become so laborious that its peculiar character of the Executive Council is almost overlooked, notwithstanding the great importance of this feature in our Government, and the debates in the Senate are of much greater length at this day, in proportion to the members composing this body than those of the House of Representatives.

It has long been a subject of regret that the debates in the Senate have not been regularly reported; and we perceive that regret to increase in proportion as the Senate acquires the

Burying the Dead.—The [illegible] cery does not share the [illegible] there seems to be entertained [illegible] burying the dead said to be [illegible] in New Orleans lately, in [illegible] difficulty of providing for [illegible] decay way. But this [illegible] The Mercury says:

"We are sorry to see the [illegible] more sorry to see it made in [illegible] like repelling an accusation of [illegible] Why is this? The [illegible] and enshrining of their [illegible] and monuments was the [illegible] who, of all others that ever [illegible] distinguished for their reverence [illegible] sepulture. The custom, the [illegible] our remembrance hallowed [illegible] gious and poetical, in the [illegible] ture which has civilized and [illegible] ages. Turn then from the [illegible] sepulchral ceremonies of the [illegible] the sacred flame robbed [illegible] disgusting corruptible, to the [illegible] of large cities in our time, and [illegible] the visitation of fatal [illegible] which of the two speaks [illegible] verence for the dead. Look [illegible] tion of a few years past of [illegible] London, whose burial was [illegible] panies, and so little earth [illegible] the dead, that human [illegible] day food of dogs and [illegible] the great tropical cities of [illegible] during epidemics, the [illegible] with pestilential vapors and [illegible] gated disgust. Then ask if [illegible] ence for the dead, which [illegible] them at once a poison and [illegible] living!"

A Rushing Tumble.—Wh[illegible] American mine a few days [illegible] incident occurred: A little boy [illegible] old, playing with a younger [illegible] No. 2 shaft, a perpendicular [illegible] three feet, and struck upon [illegible] of a Cornish man who was [illegible] tom of the shaft, and bounded [illegible] of water, without injury. [illegible] himself up, wet as he was, [illegible] ders, the miner in full chase [illegible] ing to whip him; for said he, [illegible] see that the little divil done it [illegible]

General News.

FEUDAL INSTITUTIONS [illegible] CANADA.

The *seigneuries*, granted [illegible] narchs, are singular relics of [illegible] and seem to be a kind of [illegible] world." There are more [illegible] them within the limits of the [illegible] Canada, many of which are [illegible] lineal descendants of the original [illegible] usual size of the farms in [illegible] three arpents (French acres [illegible] the English,) in front, by [illegible] three arpents in front by [illegible] although some of the most [illegible] with the same front, a much [illegible] as one to sixty,) and in [illegible] farms have been subdivided [illegible] venient degree. It is unnec[illegible] minutely the rights of the [illegible] and services with which the [illegible] ant, is charged. It is suff[illegible] rally, that the *seigneur* has [illegible] turns over a specific portion [illegible] his *seigneurie*. The return [illegible] personal service, partly in [illegible] production and interchange [illegible] *censitaire*, or tenant. The [illegible] performs certain acts for the [illegible]

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1853.

General News.

CONCLUSION OF THE TRIAL OF BISHOP DOANE.

The Court of Bishops met on Thursday, according to adjournment from Tuesday.

Prayer was offered by Bishop Green.

On Tuesday the Court appointed a Committee of seven Bishops to confer with the Presenting and Responding Bishops, to ascertain whether they could not agree upon some plan for dismissing the Presentment.

The following paper was submitted to the Court by the Presenting Bishops:

The Presenting Bishops having been informed by a Committee of the Court, that a proposal is now under consideration to dismiss the presentment, upon the several grounds stated in a report of the said committee, the chief of which is, a certain acknowledgment on the part of the respondent, do represent to the Court that the exclusive right of withdrawing the presentment is with the Presenting Bishops; that the only legal mode of disposing of those charges by the Court, is to try them by the evidence; that the Presentors stand ready with their evidence to enter on the trial, which they feel themselves bound to ask; that the Court will call on the respondent to plead guilty or not guilty to the presentment. With this statement of the legal position of the presentors as representing the Executive of the Church in this case, the undersigned are prepared to abide by such action as the Court may take in the premises.

Signed, WM. MEADE,
CHAS. P. McILVAINE,
GEOR. BURGESS.

After reading the foregoing report, the Committee of seven submitted the following report and resolutions as a basis of settlement:

The Committee appointed to confer with the Presenting Bishops and Respondent, to ascertain whether they cannot come to some understanding which shall be mutually satisfactory, and also fully answer the purposes of justice, beg leave to report that upon consultation with the Presenting Bishops, they found that no understanding could be come to of the sort contemplated in the order of the Court, the Presenting Bishops feeling themselves unable to withdraw their presentment under any such acknowledgment of error as the Respondent would be willing to make. The Committee then conferred with the Respondent, who expressed himself quite ready to acknowledge, as he had already done, to some extent, in open Court, such error as his conscience accused him of, the result of which conference was the paper embodied in the preamble and orders now submitted as the basis of a settlement of this vexed and painful question.

T. C. Brownell, Stephen Elliott,
Jas. A. Otis, G. W. Freeman,
Leonidas Polk, Jno. Williams,
Jonathan N. Wainwright.

Whereas, Very serious embarrassments have been thrown in the way of the action of this Court, first by the postponement of the trial of the original Presentment, and afterwards by the decree and orders of the Court of Bishops, which assembled at Camden in October, 1852, and continued its session by adjournment at Burlington, to wit:

"Whereupon, it was decreed that, whereas, previous to the making of the Presentment now before this Court, the Convention of New Jersey had investigated most of the matter contained therein, and had determined that there was no ground for Presentment; therefore,

Ordered, That as to the matters thus acted upon by said Convention, the Court is not called upon to proceed further."

Which decree and orders have been pleaded in bar to the trial of the present Presentment.

And, whereas, the Convention of the Diocese of New Jersey has, through a Committee of its most influential and honorable laymen, satisfied itself that, whatever may have been the [illegible] in word and act of the Respondent, there was no intention of crime or immorality on his part.

And, whereas, the Diocese of the Respondent is now engaged in raising $135,000 for the release of all embarrassment of St. Mary's Hall, Burlington College and River Side, the surplus income of which property, when thus released, is to be annually applied to the liquidation of the remaining debts of the Respondent.

And, whereas, the Respondent comes into Court and says:

The undersigned, in prosecuting his plans of Christian education, in connection with St. Mary's Hall and Burlington College, found that the expenses of the enterprise greatly exceeded his calculations, while the assistance on which he had confidently relied, perhaps too sanguinely, fell altogether short of what he deemed his reasonable expectations. In this condition of things, being entirely left alone, and without resources, every step which he advanced involved him more and more deeply in pecuniary embarrassments: he admits that he made representations which, at the time, he believed to be correct, but many of which turned out, in the result, to be erroneous. He was also led, by his too confident reliance on anticipated aid, to make promises, which he fully expected to perform; but which experience has taught him were far too strongly expressed. He was also induced, for the sake of obtaining money to meet his necessities, to resort to methods by the payment of exorbitant interest on loans, which he did not suppose was in contravention of the law, and which common usage seemed to justify. He also, in entire confidence in his ability to replace them, made use of certain Trust Funds in a way which he deeply regrets; and although they have long been perfectly secured, does not now justify.

The embarrassments here referred to were followed by a long and well nigh fatal illness; which, withdrawing him entirely from the business which he had carried on alone, was mainly instrumental in the entire failure of his pecuniary affairs. The perplexity arising from this state, with the protracted infirmity which followed his sickness, made him liable to many errors and mistakes which might easily bear the appearance of intentional misrepresentations. In connection with the assignment of his property, he set his name and oath to an inventory of goods, and also to a list of his debts, which he believed to be correct; an act, which he grieves to find has given rise to an impression in the minds of some that he exhibited an insensibility to the awful sanctions of the oath of a Christian man. But, while he laments the occasion, he declares that this act was only done under legal advice, and in firm conviction of its correctness.

Some time after his recovery from the illness above alluded to, but while he was still in the midst of his perplexities, smarting under his many disappointments, and wounded by the imputations to which, in some quarters, he was subjected, the Letter of the three Bishops came to him. He has no disposition to ascribe to them any other than just and proper motives in thus addressing him. But at the time when he received the communication he viewed it otherwise; and under the strong excitement of the moment, penned a pamphlet, part of which he does not now justify, and expressions of which, in regard to those brethren, he deeply regrets.

In reference to his indebtedness, he now repeats the declaration of intention, which he has frequently made, and has acted on to the utmost of his ability thus far to devote his means and influence, in dependence upon God's blessing, to the payment, principal and interest, of every just demand against him; an expectation of which there is reasonable hope of having realized, since, a Committee of the trustees and friends of Burlington College, by whom both institutions are now carried on, have undertaken an enterprise which is nearly completed, to discharge the whole of the mortgage debt, and thus secure the property at Riverside and St. Mary's Hall, with that of Burlington College, to the Church forever, for the purposes of Christian education. And this done, the trustees have already agreed to appropriate during his life the whole income of both institutions to the liquidation of all his other debts, in carrying on the institutions.

If in the course of all these transactions his infirmity may have led him into many errors, he deeply feels. He does not wish to deny or excuse them. If scandal to the Church and injury to the cause of Christ have come from them, they are occasion to him of humiliation and regret. For these things, in all humility and sorrow, before God and man, he has always felt himself liable to, and willing to receive, the friendly reproofs of his brethren in Christ Jesus, and especially the Bishops of the Church.

G. W. DOANE,
Bishop of New Jersey.

Wherefore, ordered, That the Presentment before this Court be dismissed, and the Respondent be discharged without delay. The Committee likewise recommend the adoption of the following orders.

First, That no order or decree of the Court in October, 1852, or of this Court, shall be taken to admit the right of any Diocese to come between a Court of Bishops and the Respondent Bishop, after Canonical presentment first made by three Bishops.

Second, That this Court believe the Presentors to have acted in good faith, and in a decided determination to carry out the laws of the Church, in such case made and provided, in the painful duty in which they felt themselves called upon to perform.

The Court deliberated upon the motion to dismiss until 4 o'clock, when a vote was taken, and the Presentment was unanimously dismissed. The Court then adjourned *sine die*.

The Maine Law in England.—The Temperance men in England are about to petition Parliament for a prohibitory liquor law. There are 2,527 licensed brewers in the British Isles, of 88,400 persons licensed to sell spirits, wine, and of 58,558 licensed to sell beer. In 1851, there were 31,000,000 gallons of spirits consumed in Great Britain in one year, with 6,500,000 gallons of foreign wine. The amount thence accruing to the public treasury, is over fifteen millions sterling. It will be seen, from this statement, that the Temperance men have a formidable opposition to encounter.

Explosion of a Locomotive on the Ohio and Pennsylvania Railroad.—The Pittsburg Gazette of Thursday, has an account of the explosion of the locomotive Wayne, on the Pennsylvania and Ohio Road, near Franklin, [illegible] sixty-five miles from Pittsburg. The force of the explosion was tremendous, lifting the locomotive from the track and hurling it down the bank, a distance of some fifty feet, leaving the track entirely uninjured. The conductor, Mr. Colby, and the fireman, were killed instantaneously. The engineer is badly hurt.

NEWS ITEMS.

Outrageous.—One day last week, the residents in Marke'gate, Arbroath, and its immediate vicinity, where not a little surprised at the intelligence that a married woman, in that generally quiet and decorous street, had been gagged by her husband. Such, on inquiry, we find was literally true, the poor woman, who, is however, volubly inclined, having been kept by her husband gagged for the long period of twenty four hours. We are not aware if the case has been investigated by the authorities; but, whatever the demerit of the woman, the gagging is certainly an act of cruelty.—*Arbroath Jour.*

The *New York Mirror* says that the largest hotels in the city are obliged to fill their parlors with cots every night, to accommodate the rush of guests.

Singular Case.—On Sabbath last, a young couple were married, in Boston, and on Monday the bride was a corpse. The bridegroom was thus a bachelor, a husband and a widower in the short space of twenty-four hours.

Honorable Henry A. Wise, it is said, is engaged in writing a scathing article against the Pacific Railroad. It is also reported that he is soon to lead to the hymenial altar a Richmond beauty.

A Monument for a Brave Boy.—The boy drowned by some older companions, who held him under water until life was extinct, in order to compel him, by fright, against his repeated refusals, to enter and rob an orchard, is to have a monument raised to his memory.

Ex-President Tyler has fully recovered from his recent indisposition. His excellent wife presented him with a fine boy a few days since, which is the fifth he has received from her.

Wedded Love.—Lola Montes has quarreled with her new husband, because he was jealous of a violinist from whom she "had received some polite attentions." The husband raised a row and was kicked out of the house.

Pork Prospects.—The Louisville Courier says it is reported that hogs in Indiana have been contracted for at $2,50 gross, to be delivered at the pens in the Fall, and that engagements are offered to be made at 4½c. per pound for pork, deliverable in December.

One of the huge granite boulders on the summit of Mount Washington, says the Boston Chronicle, has been selected and set aside for the apex or crowning-stone of the Washington Monument, and measures will be immediately taken to have the gigantic stone on its way to the national capital.

More Fiendish Malice.—The New Haven papers state, that on Friday evening week six obstructions were placed on the branch railroad between Berlin and Middletown, for the purpose of destroying life. The train struck the first impediment, which luckily did not throw the engine off, although the cowcatcher was destroyed.

New Factory Act in England.—A new Act has gone into operation in England. By this Act no child is to be employed before six o'clock in the morning, nor after six in the afternoon, nor after two o'clock on Saturday afternoon. There is, however, power given to employ children in the hours between seven in the morning and seven in the evening, from the 30th of September to the 1st of April, under certain regulations.

Mr. Soule.—The Paris correspondent of the New York *Courrier des Etats Unis*, states that Mr. Soule's speech to the fillibusters of New York, on the eve of his departure for Spain, has produced a profound sensation in Europe. The *Journal des Debats* finds in the speech very little that is worthy of a diplomatic; and the *Patrie* expresses an opinion that it will insure Mr. Soule a cool reception at the Court of Madrid, if that Court shall not refuse to receive him at all.

A Rascally Attempt.—On Wednesday week as the passenger train was passing East, above Dillerville, on the Harrisburg Railroad, an oak block, about two feet long and six inches square, with a notch cut out so as to fit the rail, was discovered, spiked down across the rail. Before the train could be stopped, the wheel of the locomotive came in contact with the block, which fortunately gave way without causing any injury. Below Coatesville, several similar attempts to throw the night line from the track, have been made. It is probable the same persons are the guilty ones in each case.

Already there have been riots in France and Belgium, owing to the high price of bread.

The Uniontown (Pa.) Democrat says:—Rev. Mr. Clawson, of the Methodist Protestant Church, is left heir to an estate in England, valued at one million dollars. Mr. C. was very poor, and has had to struggle thus far with a large and dependent family. He is travelling through a Circuit near Clarksburg, in Western Virginia.

The Librarian National Convention, met in the city of New York, at University Chapel, on the 15th. Professor Jewett, of the Smithsonian Institute, presided. A Committee, composed of Messrs Folsom, of Boston, Wallace, of Philadelphia, Guild, of Providence, Forbes, of New York, Stevens, of Cincinnati, and Jewett, of Washington, was appointed to prepare business.

The wheat production of Ohio is estimated to average 25,000,000 bushels per annum, of which 13,000,000 are surplus. It is said that only about one-fifth of the land in the State is under cultivation. While some of the premium crops exceed 50 bushels to the acre, the average yield of the State will not exceed 16 bushels.

The Methodists of Maine are taking measures to raise $25,000 for the establishment of a female collegiate institute.

Peat has been discovered in Iowa, near Iowa City. It burns well and makes a hot fire with little waste.

A half-cent paper has been issued in N. York.

A lazy fellow up North spells Tennessee 10 a c.

J. Garvill, of Owen county, Ky., lately took seven slaves to Cincinnati, and gave them their liberty, with simple means for sustaining them one year.

The Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad Co., it is stated, have it in serious consideration to construct the Brandywine Railroad.

A piece of outrageous cruelty was lately committed upon two noble horses in Oramel, Allegany county, N. Y. They were raced eighty miles for a stake of $400, the winning horse making the distance in eight hours and eight minutes, including stoppages, and the other doing it in less than an hour after the race.

Miss Anna De Wolfe, who was so dreadfully scalded on board the Bay State, the other day, is dead. Four young women, all of one family, have thus been hurried to an early grave. The bodies of the three who died first have been kept in a state of preservation, and together with that of the latest victim, will set out in charge of the heart-broken survivors for their home at Chicago.

The Lehigh Company have rigged a machine for the purpose of washing the coal dirt usually thrown over the dam. Quite a quantity of clear pea coal is thus obtained.

Another sad tragedy came off by playing with fire arms, near Goshen, Indiana, last week. A lad, named Price, 12 years of age, aimed a gun at a young lady, Miss Esther Faulkner, to terrify her for his own amusement, and supposing it would not go off, pulled the trigger and shot her through the heart.

In a letter to the nonconformist, Dr. Epps, of London, gives the history of the case of a patient now under his care, whose malady is the oozing of blood from the tips of her fingers. He thinks it may be useful in explaining some of the statements put forth by the priestcraft of modern times, in relation to the spurious evidences which they wish to deduce from wounds bleeding, and fingers dropping blood.

The Pittsburg Printers have struck for higher wages, 28 cts. per thousand. Two of the papers have engaged twenty girls to take the places of the strikers.

The Cholera.—Some cases of decided Asiatic cholera occurred in London during the last week in August. We also hear that the cholera has now reached Berlin.

Martin Kosta will probably leave Smyrna in one of the first American vessels for Boston or New York. The Porte has demanded the dismissal of Weckbecker, the Austrian Consul, who arrested him so brutally in Smyrna.

Col. Fremont has left St. Louis, for Kansas. Thence he will immediately proceed on his exploring expedition across the continent. He intends to reach California by the first of December, and to recross the Rocky Mountains by the middle of the ensuing month. By that time he will be able to ascertain the maximum depth of snow in the passes, and how far there may be a difficulty in the way of the contemplated railroad.

A Mr. Copley, in Pennsylvania, has invented a fixed car axle, with loose wheel, which has been tried on the Cleveland and Pittsburg Railroad with success. It is said to have required but 1 per cent. increased power to propel it on a 1,200 feet curve, as compared with that required on the straight line, while the fixed wheel and revolving axle, now in use, of course require a much greater power, estimated at 22 per cent.

When King Leopold married the daughter of Louis Philippe, the Belgian army got a uniform after the French cut, and now his son having married an Austrian Princess, the uniform of the Belgian army is altered so as to resemble that of Austria. The French are furious about it. They do not like to be reminded that Belgium has become the vanguard of Austria. A part of the dowry of the Duchess of Brabant, $40,000, was lost on the wedding day. The gentleman who acted as her cashier entered a gambling-house, lost the money, and blew out his brains.

The valuable cabinet of many thousand specimens in comparative anatomy, mineralogy, and other sciences, collected in the course of some years by that distinguished savant, Prof Agassiz, has been purchased for the University at Cambridge, at the price, it is rumored of $12,500, the greater part of which, it is said, was obtained by private subscription.

An aerial chariot, the invention of Lord Carlingford, has been sent to the Dublin Exhibition. It has two expanding wings to bear its weight, and two screw wings to draw it forward.

Depth of Niagara River.—An English gentleman, who has been endeavoring to ascertain the depth of Niagara River at the suspension bridge, has at length succeeded. At one point he finds the depth to be 125 feet.

Father Mathew's wonderful reform in Ireland seems to need doing over again. The London Spectator states that in 1838 12,296,342 gallons of whiskey were consumed in that country, which decreased to 5,290,650 gallons in 1842. This was with a population of 8,175,000 souls. But now, with a population of 6,515,794 only, no less than 8,208,256 gallons are consumed.

A number of the stone masons about Liverpool, have recently adopted the *moustache* as a protection against the fatal effects of dust, in the exercise of their craft, and with salutary effect. It is undoubtedly an important provision of nature for the protection of the lungs.

Compulsory vaccination is enforced in England, in the case of all children born after August 1, 1853. It must be performed within four months after birth, and the child brought before a medical officer for his certificate of the success of the operation.

The Act to abate the smoke nuisance, which has just gone into effect in London, requires all furnaces factories, engines and steam vessels to burn their smoke under severe and summary penalties.

"As Big as a Piece of Chalk."—The "piece of chalk" which recently fell from Dover Cliffs, in England, was fifty feet long, forty feet wide, and sixty deep, and is estimated to weigh 2,000 tons.

The Hon. Horace Mann, of Massachusetts, having been appointed to the Presidency of Antioch College, will shortly remove to Ohio.

A monument to Copernicus has just been erected at Thorn, his native place. It bears on one side the inscription supplied by Baron Humboldt, "Nicolaus Copernicus Torunensis, terra motor solis coelique stator," and the other "Natus anno 1473, obiit anno 1543."

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

The news from Europe would seem to leave the Eastern question as far from actual settlement as ever. The Czar had accepted the Vienna propositions on the express condition that the Sultan should make no modification in them, and without any stipulation as to the withdrawal of his troops from the Turkish dominions. The Porte has, however, made some modifications in those proposals, and one or two of them are sufficiently shrewd and important. Now it remains to be seen whether the Czar will allow these changes, or will go to war. To us it is by no means certain that he will not, after sufficient time for consideration, and after the season for naval operations has fully passed, reply that he can submit to no such indignities, and that he will now proceed to take further guarantees by annexing as much of Turkey as he may judge proper. We are no believers in a long maintenance of peace, and shall admit there has been a settlement of the Turkish question only when the papers have been signed on both sides, and the Russian army marched back to its own side of the Pruth.

In China the revolution advances triumphantly; two more large cities have been added to its trophies; and there seems not the slightest probability that its forward course will be arrested short of the entire expulsion of the Tartars, and this result promises to be quite speedily attained. The imperial treasury is at its last gasp, and extortion and confiscation suffice to fill it no longer. Even the Tartar troops from the North who were relied on to save the conservative cause, flee at the approach of the rebels, or fall like cowards on their faces before them, and are put to death. As to the Christianity of the new rulers of the country, there is still the best reason to distrust its orthodoxy, while they seem to contemplate no change in the political system beyond transferring the power to natives, and making merit and not purchase the ground of promotion. Toward foreigners they are very friendly; Dr. Taylor, an American Missionary, who has been at Chin-Kiang-foo, was cordially received by Gen. Loo, the officer there in command, entertained with liberal hospitality, and sent rejoicing on his way back to Shanghai. The attempt of the Imperialists to retake that important city by the help of foreign vessels, has been signally defeated.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A Race on Mount Washington.—A foot-race against time was run on Mount Washington on Friday last. A gentleman bet with one of the proprietors of the Summit House that he (the proprietor) could not run a mile in *eight minutes*, starting from the very top of Mount Washington. The bet was a gold watch. The proprietor is a man weighing 190 lbs., and out of practice, but full of courage. He got well off at the first start, and the way he leapt from rock to crag, and from crag to cliff, was admirable. Some travellers going up, as the runner was on his last quarter, likened the scene, as he opened on them, to a mountain goat on the full rush. On this quarter he broke, making a misstep, and coming on his knees, but recovered himself in a moment, and, unharmed, pushed on with lightning speed to the goal. The result was, that he reached the judges' stand alive and unhurt, (which was almost miraculous,) in *six minutes fifty-seven seconds!* Any one that has been over the mile run, must be satisfied that it was a perilous feat—the road being in some places so rough and precipitous as to be almost impassable. The travellers ascending, who saw the flight of the landlord, say it took them nearly an hour to ascend the same distance. It was a queer race, and a bold one, and Boniface well deserved the watch, for he risked his neck to earn it.—*Portland Argus.*

Thrilling Scene at the Falls of Niagara.—Remarkable Escape From Death.—Mr. E. V. Wilson, of this city, of lightning rod notoriety, went to the Falls with a party, and, among the number, was Mrs. N. I. Piper. The lady at the time was laboring slightly under a species of insanity. It was thought by her husband that travelling and a change of air and scenery would do her good, but unfortunately such was not the case. Immediately upon her arrival, she was very desirous to see the Falls, and while standing upon the Canada side, at about twenty feet from the falling sheet of water, she slipped her arm from Mr. Wilson, and made a rush towards the precipice. He rushed after her, and just as she was going over, he caught hold of her dress, and by it held her dangling in the air. The dress gave way, and she fell on the ledge of a rock, at a distance of twenty feet. As she thus lay, Wilson, our narrative says, "with great presence of mind looked for a soft place," and discovering that a quantity of loose earth was lying on the rocks, he immediately jumped down on it. He was just in time to save her from going over the main precipice. By the aid of a pair of long lines belonging to a team close by, they were both drawn up together. Both suffered from some contusions, but neither were seriously hurt.—*Toronto Colonist.*

Proposed Telegraphic Communication Between America and Europe.—Mr. I. B. Lindsay, of Dundee, who is at present in Glasgow, propounds a startling theory—that of forming an electric telegraph betwixt Great Britain and America, without employing submerged wires, or wires of any kind. At the meeting in the Athenæum, Mr. Lindsay illustrated his method. A large trough of salt water was employed, across which he transmitted the electric current, without any metallic conductor, the water itself being the only medium of communication. Mr. Lindsay explained that he had obtained similar results over a breadth of sixty feet of water. Some calculations have been made in regard to the expense and Mr. Lindsay computes, according to his present information, that the cost of the necessary battery and land wires to establish a communication between that country and America would not exceed £60,000. What Mr. Lindsay may do in the confined limits of a trough, probably cannot be done in so great an expanse as the ocean, where the electric currents would be dispersed and lost in the body of water.

Important From Mexico.—The Indianola (Texas) Bulletin, of the 30th ultimo, has the following:

Santa Anna is prosecuting measures strenuously. A tax of 12½ cents is imposed on each member of a family, with unsparing vigor, causing much distress and complaint among the poor. An order has likewise been issued for raising an army for frontier defence to amount to ninety-one thousand men. All men able to bear arms are remorselessly pressed in the service. His designs against the United States are foreshadowed in the late decree of Santa Anna, which enjoins all who have suffered from Indian depredations, to present their claims at the City of Mexico. He intends to demand restitution under the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. This order has given rise to immense fraud. Many claims, where injuries to the amount of $50 have been sustained, are swollen to $1,000. Four of the largest States, Guanaxuato, Guadalajara, Mareles, and Chihuahua, have pronounced against Santa Anna.

A Chinese Slave Trade.—An English paper says: While we keep, at an enormous expense, an anti-slavery squadron cruising on the African coast, and while the Stafford House ladies, with the Earl of Shaftsbury at their head, are levelling the shafts of reproach at the slaveholders of the United States, it seems British merchants have unobtrusively opened a white slave market at Amoy. The system is to entice Chinese laborers from the interior under various pretences, into the port, where they are first stowed away in barracoons, and afterwards carried away in ship loads, under the name of coolies, to the West Indies. The subject was noticed in the House of Commons, by Mr. Kinnaird, and Mr. Frederick Peel could not deny it. The American Consul, it appears, has interfered, and indignantly protested against this new traffic.

Singular.—A singular accident occurred on the New York Central Railroad, about thirty miles East of Syracuse, at an early hour on Sunday morning week. The engine of the express train going West, near the Vernon station, became, from some cause, detached from the cars; and running on faster than they, drew after it the rope of the signal bell. That bell was thus caused to ring. The engineer not perceiving the detachment of his engine, supposed it was a signal from the conductor for him to stop. He immediately reversed his engine and applied his break, which almost at once brought the engine to a comparative standstill. The cars, under the momentum they had acquired, came up to it, and the concussion was fearful, and though some property was destroyed, nobody was hurt.

An Unrecognized Husband.—A day or two since, a gentleman who has a family residing at South Boston, returned home, after an absence in California of about three years. At New York he purchased a basket of peaches to bring home, and, arriving in Boston, immediately hastened to his house. Ringing the door bell, he was answered by his wife, who did not recognize him. He inquired if she wished to buy any peaches, to which she asked his price, and finally decided not to buy. He then left, and repairing to the house of a friend near by, made himself known, and returned and was introduced to his wife, who was delighted to greet her husband, but really did not know him at first.—*Boston Traveller.*

Another Railroad Collision.—Three Lives Lost.—Poughkeepsie, Sept. 15.—A collision occurred on the Hudson River Railroad, two miles below this city, at a quarter past 4 o'clock this afternoon, between a single engine and the Poughkeepsie passenger train, going South. One fireman and two brakesmen on the passenger train were killed, and both engineer and fireman on the single engine badly injured by the collision. Their names could not be ascertained.

None of the passengers were hurt, but the locomotives are perfect wrecks.

Postage Stamps.—Fractional portions of postage stamps cut for the purpose of making the proper amount of postage appear on the face of the letter, are not considered legal by the Post Office Department. The Department says that it issues postage stamps of the denomination of one, three and twelve cents, no others having been by him deemed expedient or necessary. The attempt to create other denominations by cutting postage stamps into fractional parts, is an illegal assumption, and the legal value of the stamps so cut is thereby destroyed.

POLITICAL NEWS.

New York Democratic Convention.—This Convention split before organizing—the Hards, or Adamantines, or Hunkers, seceding on the ground that their lives were in danger from the rowdies enlisted by their opponents. They met in separate convention, nominated a ticket, passed resolutions, and adjourned.

The Softs, or Barnburners—composed mostly of the old Free Soil Democrats—with several of the Hards who refused to leave—then organized—having apparently the majority of the Convention. They adjourned over a day or so, to give the Hards an opportunity of coming in, inviting them by Committee to do so. But the latter refused on the plea we have stated above. They, the Softs, then also nominated a ticket, and passed resolutions. Here are the two tickets:

SOFT SHELL TICKET.	HARD SHELL TICKET.
Secretary of State—G. W. Clinton	Isaac A. Verplanck
Attorney General—Jas. T. Brady	[illegible] Gower
State Treas.—[illegible] C. Watson	Francis [illegible]
Comptroller—James E. Cooley	Robert Kell[illegible]
Canal Com—John C. Mather	Andrew J. Yates
Eng and Surveyor—John D. Fay	W. H. Bristol
State Prison Ins.—M. W. Bennett	Wm. C. [illegible]
Judges of the Court of Appeals	
C. H. Ruggles	C. H. Ruggles
Hiram Denio (long term)	Hiram Denio
Clerk Court App.—S. S. Bowne	Albert [illegible]

Mr. John C. Wright, Comptroller; Mr. Welch, State Treasurer; Mr. Angel, State Prison Inspector; and Mr. Randall, Secretary of State; all declined allowing their names to be used as candidates for re-election.

The resolutions of both Conventions take ground for the Baltimore Platform, the President, the President's Inaugural Address, the Compromise Resolutions, the Fugitive Slave Law, &c., &c. It seems to be a mere difference as to who shall control the party, and be nominated to the offices.

Massachusetts.—About 700 Delegates were present at the Free Soil Convention. Henry Wilson was nominated for Governor, and Amasa Walker for Lieutenant Governor.

The Hon. Charles Sumner sent a letter urging the adoption of the Buffalo Platform and the new State Constitution. Several speeches were made, in which Horace Mann was alluded to as the future Governor of Ohio, he being about to remove to that State.

Texas Election.—The Galveston Civilian of the 2nd inst., says that Pease, Democrat, has, as far as the returns have been received, upwards of 3,000 majority over Ochiltree, Whig. The Bill for the Improvement of the Rivers is defeated by an overwhelming majority.

Mather Impeachment Case.—The Court of Impeachment, for the investigation of the charges against Canal Commissioner Mather, of New York, have brought their labors to a close. There was not a constitutional majority against him on any of the charges. On the ninth, relating to the "Troy Dock," the vote stood 18 against him to 14 in his favor.

Maine.—Returns from 94 towns give the vote for Governor thus: Crosby, (Whig) 38,000; Pillsbury, (regular Dem.) 29,500; Morrill, (irregular Dem.) 9,550; Holmes, (Free Soil) 7,300. The Senate, composed of 31 members, stands thus: 10 Democrats and 6 Whigs elected, and 15 no choice. House 60 Democrats, 54 Whigs, and 9 Free Soilers. Twenty-two Democratic towns are yet to be heard from.

Ohio.—The Maine Law Convention have nominated Legislative candidates for Cincinnati, and Hamilton County. The candidates are mostly Democrats.

The Koszta Question.—The Russian, Prussian and Austrian Ministers have filed in the State Department a protest against the conduct of Capt. Ingraham. Russia and Prussia side with Austria against the United States. Mr. Marcy's views on this momentous matter are matured, and will probably be submitted at the Cabinet meeting. These views occupy upwards of eighty manuscript pages. It will be the grand document of the Administration, and will be spread before the public in a few days.

Foreign News.—The Arctic brings Liverpool advices to the 7th. The Turkish question was still unsettled. All depended upon whether Russia would accept the Sultan's modifications of the Note agreed upon by the Four Powers. Louis Napoleon is reported to be dissatisfied with the conduct of Turkey, in making exceptions—and is reported to have said that she must take alone the peril of such movements.

Mrs. Stowe has returned in improved health, in the Arctic.

The cholera was continuing its progress throughout Northern Europe.

Queen Victoria, Prince Albert and the Royal Princess, had a most magnificent and enthusiastic reception at Dublin, on the occasion of their visit to the Exhibition.

The French Government has announced officially that the reports of a great number of prefects, which have been made to the *Conseils Generaux* have led to the belief that the fears which existed respecting the harvest are altogether groundless. The quantity of grain this year, is of the average amount, and the quality is excellent.

Letters from Odissa, dated August 20, state that extraordinary activity reigns in the Grain market. The stores are not sufficiently large for the quantities of grain brought to the place and it has been found necessary to establish depots in Ostar, which contain 650,000 hectolitres of wheat, 105,000 of rye, 20,000 of barley, 50,000 of oats, and 36,000 of maize.

The French Government has made enormous purchases. The price of wheat varied from 14f. 28c to 15f. 10c. per hectolitre.

The reports relative to the Eastern question are contradictory.

The London Times publishes a despatch from Bucharest, dated August 17th, to the effect that the Austrian Consul General, having received despatches that the Oriental question was settled, the Russians would evacuate the Principalities in September, and in Paris it was stated that the fleets of England and France would thereupon return to Malta and Toulon.

The Russian troops in the Principalities were very unhealthy.

Col. Ruff left Constantinople on the 21st ult. for Vienna, with an autograph letter from the Sultan for the Emperor of Austria, to whom His Highness expresses, in the warmest terms, thanks for the efforts his Austrian Majesty made for the preservation of peace.

Liverpool, Sept. 7.—The brokers' quotations are: Fair Orleans, 6⅞d.; Middling, 6⅛d.; Fair Upland, 6½d.; Middling, 5⅞d. The demand has been moderate, and prices are in favor of the buyers, but there are no alteration in quotations warranted, though a decline is evident on all qualities. Holders are pressing upon the market.

The trade in Manchester and the Manufacturing Districts has slightly declined.

Manufactured goods and yarns are equally dull at Manchester, and the prices for yarns are tending downwards.

Flour.—Owing to the fine weather, there has been a decline equal to 1s. per bbl. A decline has also occurred in France, and purchases made for the French market, have been resold. Prices are irregular. Western Canal is quoted at 29s.

The French Government having fixed a low price for bread, is using every means in its power to keep down the prices. The Grain markets on the Continent are all reported to be lower. The Prussian Government has declined interfering in the prices of bread in that country.

From Havana.—From Havana, late advices have been received by way of New York. An investigation was in progress with reference to an alleged conspiracy of the slave to incite a servile insurrection, but thus far there seems to be scarcely any evidence to sustain the charges. It is stated that official letters, addressed to Mr. Clayton, U. S. Consul at Havana, and to Col. Robertson, Vice Consul, from the State Department at Washington, have recently been detained in the Spanish Post Office at Havana, and there cut open for examination before they were delivered. They were in this condition when received by Messrs. Clayton and Robertson, and the letters addressed to commercial houses were cut open and examined also. The three American sailors in prison at Havana look much wasted in flesh from their confinement, and their countenances are quite dejected. Respecting the other six sailors picked up on Cayo Cortes, nothing further is known, unless the U. S. sloop-of-war which is on her way home may bring tidings of them. There had been a slight decrease in the number of deaths by yellow fever, but the work of death still continued on the plantations, although the health of Havana was good.

Test of Coal.—The Exhibition Committee at the Maryland Institute have given notice that they will, at the approaching fair, appoint a competent Committee to examine and accurately test the various coals on exhibition, and determine their relative value. All persons interested in coal mines are therefore requested to furnish specimens for the purpose, in addition to those for exhibition.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 201—Adults 100 and children 101.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.

In addition to being one of the best anti bilious medicines in the world, possess a power of removing pain, which is truly astonishing. Four or five of said *Indian Vegetable Pills*, taken every night on going to bed, will in a short time completely rid the body of those morbid humors which, if lodged in the liver, are the cause of pain in the side, sometimes extending to the shoulder blade, difficulty of breathing, nausea and sickness, loss of appetite, costiveness, flatulency, swarthy or yellow complexion, and other symptoms of an inflamed or torpid state of the liver.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills also thoroughly cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious humors, and other impurity, and therefore are a certain cure for colic, dysentery, cholera morbus, and other disorders of the intestines.

Beware of Counterfeits!—Country storekeepers would do well to exercise care in buying from pedlars. We understand that a man by the name of RIESTAND, and another by the name of SINES, are offering what purports to be Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills. These persons are not authorized agents for this medicine, and the article offered cannot be guaranteed as genuine.

The genuine is for sale by agents in all parts of the United States.

Principal Office 169 Race Street, Philadelphia.

LONG LIFE, HEALTH AND HAPPINESS!!

SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY is one of the best expectorants ever used for Coughs, Colds, &c., and for debilitated systems, has no equal in the world. We like it on account of the genuine powers it possesses—it answering in incipient or confirmed consumption. It is the best, and costs no more than the most inferior; therefore, we do not see the propriety of persons using any other. It is established firmly, and has succeeded where every thing else failed. No other Wild Cherry genuine. SWAYNE'S Laboratory is in SEVENTH Street above Market. For Sale by Druggists and Storekeepers everywhere. It

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Sept. 17, 1853.

REMARKS—Business has been quite active during the past week, and the weather has been cool and pleasant. Breadstuffs of all descriptions have been in good demand, and prices have again advanced. The receipts of Flour and Wheat have been quite moderate, and at the close the stock of the former on sale was extremely small. Coffee and Sugar have also been in active request, but the operations in the former have been restricted, owing to the high rates demanded. The Cotton market has been very quiet, and the sales limited. In Fish there has been no change. Indigo is held firmly. Coal and Iron continue in good demand at full rates. Lead is scarce, and held for a further advance. Lumber is in fair request at steady prices. Naval Stores are quiet.—The late advance in the price of Spirits of Turpentine is fully maintained. Oils, with the exception of Linseed, have an upward tendency. Provisions have been very quiet, but prices are firm for all descriptions, and the stocks are steadily becoming reduced. Rice is unchanged. Salt has been arriving quite freely. In Seeds there is no change to notice. Prices of Tobacco are steady. Wool continues very quiet. In Freights there has been more activity.

FLOUR AND MEAL—There has been an active demand for Flour since our last report, and with moderate receipts and a reduced stock, holders have succeeded in realizing a further advance of 25c per bbl. On Saturday last 500 bbls fresh ground sold at $6. Since then about 12a14,000 bbls recently and fresh ground have been disposed of at $6.12½a6,25, including some Brandywine at the latter rate; old stock, part uninspected, at $5.87½a6; old extra at $6,77½, and sour at $5,25, and condemned at $5,50a5,75. The foreign advices have had no effect upon prices, and the market closes firm at $6,12½ for fresh ground. There has been a good demand for the supply of the retailers and bakers within the range of $6 a6,62½ for common and extra brands. Rye Flour is scarce; small sales at $4,12½. The stock of Corn Meal is extremely dull and prices firm. Sales of 800 bbls fresh ground at $3,25a3,50 per bbl.

GRAIN—There has been a good demand for Wheat during the past week, and prices have again slightly advanced. The sales have been large, comprising about 40,000 bushels at $1,20a1,30 per bushel for inferior and prime red, but mostly at $1,23a1,28, afloat; $1,23a1,34 for new Southern white, and $1,35a1 36, afloat, for prime new and old Pennsylvania white. Rye is scarce, and has advanced to 83a 85c for Southern and Pennsylvania. Corn is in good demand and prices have again improved. Sales of 16,000 bushels, mostly Southern yellow, at 75a75½c, afloat, early in the week, and since at 78a80 cts, and white at 72a75 cts. Oats are in fair request; 9,000 bushels new Delaware sold at 38a41c per bushel, and Pennsylvania at 42c.

PROVISIONS—Mess Pork is held firmly at $16,50 a16,75 per bbl, but there has been very little inquiry, and the sales are limited. In Prime nothing doing. Beef sells only in small lots for ship-stores at our last quotations. Bacon is held firmly, and the stock is steadily becoming reduced. Sales of Hams, in lots, at 11a12c; Sides 8a8½c; and Shoulders at 7½c per lb, 4 months. The market is very bare of Lard, small sales of bbls at 12c, and kegs at 12½c per lb, on time. In Butter and Cheese but little doing.

AMERICAN FABRICS—There has been a good business doing both among the Commission and Jobbing Houses, and prices have undergone no material change.

BARK—The stock of Quercitron Bark is extremely small and prices firm. Sales of 40 hhds No 1 at at $25 per ton. Nothing doing in Tanner's Bark.

BEE-WAX—Is in limited request. Small sales of good yellow at 28½c per lb, cash.

CANDLES—The demand has been limited, and the sales are only in retail lots at our former quotation.

COAL—There has been a good demand, and prices continue to have an upward tendency. Supplies are arriving freely both from the Schuylkill and Lehigh Mines. Sales of Allegheny Bituminous Coal at 18a18½c per bushel.

COFFEE—Another cargo of Rio has arrived since our last notice. There has been a good inquiry, and prices have further advanced but the high rates demanded have restricted operations. Sales of 2,000 bags Rio at 11a12¼c, and some Laguayra at 11½c per lb, 4a6 mos.

COPPER—Is dull, and the sales have been only in small lots at our former quotations.

COTTON—The market has been very quiet during the past week, but the stock on sale is light and prices firm. The demand has been limited, and the sales only amount to 900 bales at 9½a12½c per lb, on time, for Upland, and 11a12½c for New Orleans.

The Cotton crop of the United States for the year ending Aug. 31, as made up by the New York Shipping List, has been as follows:

1852-3	bales 3,262,882
1851-2	3,015,029
1850-1	2,355,257
1849-50	2,096,706
1848-9	2,728,596

The exports to foreign ports have been as follows:

	1852-3	1851-2
To Great Britain, bales	1,736,860	1,667,749
France	426,728	421,375
North of Europe	171,176	168,875
Other foreign ports	193,636	184,647
Total	2,528,400	2,443,646

The quantity taken for home consumption, north of Virginia, has been as follows:

1852-3	671,009
1851-2	603,029
1850-1	404,108
1849-50	487,768
1848-9	518,039

DRUGS AND DYES—There has been a moderate business doing. Sales of Soda Ash at $2,68a2,87½c; Soda Saleratus at 5½c; Bi Carbonate of Soda at 4½c, and Cream of Tartar at 28a28½c per lb, now held higher.

FEATHERS—But few offering. Good and prime Western sell in small lots at 50a51c per lb.

FISH—The stock of Mackerel is light, and prices firm. Small sales of large No 1, from store, at $16, No 2 at $13, and No 3 at $9 per bbl. The last sale of Gibbed Herring was at $3,25. Prices of Codfish are unchanged.

FRUIT—The market has been very quiet during the past week, and there is very little foreign fruit here to operate in. Supplies are shortly expected. Sales of Dried Apples at 5½c per lb.

GINSENG—Is scarce, and but little inquired after.

GUANO—The market is nearly bare of both Peruvian and Patagonia, and it is wanted. Sales of Super Phosphate of Lime at 2½c per lb.

HEMP—Prices are firm. Sales of 150 bales Dew Rot on private terms.

HIDES—About 10,000 Porto Cabello sold at 14½c per lb. There have been no arrivals this week, and there is little or no stock here to operate in.

INDIGO—Continues in fair request at full rates. Sales of Bengal at $1,30a1,40, Kurpah at $1,17½, and Manilla at 70c per lb, 6 mos.

IRON—There is a good demand for Pig Metal, and prices are firm; but the transactions have been limited, owing to the want of stocks to operate in. Sales of 500 tons No 1 Anthracite at $36, No 2 at $35, and No 3 at $34, 6 mos. Scotch Pig Iron is steady at $35,36. The arrivals have been large.—About 300 tons Blooms sold on private terms. In Manufactured Iron there is no change to notice.

LEAD—The stock of Pig Lead is extremely small, and holders now demand 6½c per lb cash for Galena.

LEATHER—The market continues nearly bare of both Spanish Sole and Slaughter Leather, and prices are firm.

LUMBER—There is a fair inquiry for most descriptions. Sales of 900,000 Laths from the wharf at $2 per M. Pickets are worth $8 50a9,50. Prices of White and Yellow Pine Boards are unchanged.

There were shipped by the Lehigh during the week ending 10th inst. feet 1,140,126
Previously 33,217,502
Total this season 34,357,628

MOLASSES—The market is firmer, and the stock is light. Small sales of Cuba at 20a24 cts, on time, and some New York Syrup at 34c.

NAVAL STORES—Sales of about 3,000 barrels common and No 2 Rosin at $1,60a1,65 per bbl. Tar and Pitch are scarce. Sales of the former at $2,25, and the latter at $4,50. Spirits of Turpentine is in fair request at the late advance. Sales of 200 bbls at 70c, on time.

OIL—Fish Oils continue in good demand, and prices are still looking up. About 200 bbls Crude Whale sold on private terms. 400 bbls of Bleached Whale at 68c; 100 do do Spring Whale at 91c; and 100 bbls Winter Sperm at $1 38a1,40. Small sales of Winter Lard Oil at 93a95c per gallon. Linseed Oil sells only in small lots at 74a77c.

The following are the total imports of Sperm and Whale Oil and Whalebone into the United States, for the week ending Sept. 12, 1853:

	Sperm.	Whale.	Bone.
Total for the week	4,613	5,144	28,893
Previously	74,169	242,313	3,051,103
From Jan 1 to date	78,782	251,457	3,079,905
Same time last year	70,706	78,778	1,245,580

PLASTER—Continues in steady demand. Sales of five imports of Soft at $3,25 per ton.

RICE—Is in steady demand, and prices are firm. Sales of 50 casks at 4½c per lb, cash and on time.

SALT—The receipts of Liverpool Ground and Fine Salt have been large, but it was all previously contracted for. Two cargoes of Turk's Island have just arrived, one of which sold on private terms.

SEEDS—Supplies of new Cloverseed come in very slowly. Small sales of new at $5a5,50 per 64 lbs, and old at $6. Timothy is in fair request at $3 a3,25 per bushel. There is no Flaxseed here. We quote at $1,35a1,40. About 500 sacks Red Top sold at $4a4,50.

SPICES—No sales worthy of notice have transpired.

SPIRITS—Brandy continues in good demand at the late advance. In Gin no change. N. E. Rum is scarce, and worth 31a33c. Whiskey has been in fair request; sales of 500 bbls at 30c. Hhds command 29a30c.

SUGAR—There has been an active inquiry during the past week, and holders have succeeded in realizing a still further advance. Sales of 2,500 hhds Cuba and Porto Rico at 5⅝a6c, but principally at the latter quotations, and New Orleans at 5½a5¾, all on time.

SUMAC—The last sale of Sicily was at $95 per ton, 6 mos.

TALLOW—There has been a steady demand for Rendered at our former quotations.

TEAS—Prices are firm for all descriptions, and there has been a good demand.

TOBACCO—There is no new feature to present in the market. The demand has been limited, and the sales are confined to the wants of the trade.

WINES—Are held firmly, but the sales have been unimportant.

WOOL—The market has been exceedingly quiet during the past week. The demand has been limited,—the manufacturers purchasing cautiously, but prices are unchanged. Sales of 120,000 lbs at 43a60 cts per lb, 4a6 mos.

FREIGHTS—There is more offering to Liverpool, 15,000 bbls Flour were taken by the steamer and packets at 3s 3d per barrel, and Grain at 9a10d per bushel. The packets are asking higher rates. A vessel was chartered for London at 4s per bbl. To the South and to California the rates are unchanged. Colliers are in steady demand at $1,30a1,65 per ton to Boston; $1,35a1,40 to Rhode Island, and $1a1,05 to New York.—*Inquirer.*

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Sept. 19—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week were about 1,000 head. Beeves are selling from $7 00 to 9 00 per 100 lbs. Cows—There were about 150 in market at prices ranging from $16 to 15 for dry, $15 to 45 for fresh. Sheep and Lambs—The former from $3 to 4,00; the latter from $1,50 to 3,00, according to quality.

☞ **DERANGEMENT OF THE LIVER.** In one of the most common, as well as the most formidable of diseases known to American physicians. It had for years attracted the closest attention of the medical faculty in all parts of the United States, and yet up to the time of the discovery of Dr. M'Lane's great Specific, it was almost beyond the reach of Medical skill. Thousands had perished without even a hope of relief, and although thousands may yet be destined to feel the direful effects of this most complicated disease, it is now, thanks to the research of Dr. M'Lane, most completely brought within the scope of medical control. The proprietors of the Liver Pills feel confident that they offer a remedy which has been fully tested by time, and which has never failed of success when fairly tried. These inestimable Pills may be purchased at all the principal Drug Stores in the United States.

ALMANAC.

Sept., 1853	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
24 Saturday,	6 2	5 58	7 24	
25 Sunday,	6 3	5 57	8 13	
26 Monday,	6 4	5 56	9 5	
27 Tuesday,	6 6	5 54	9 56	D. H. M.
28 Wedn'day,	6 7	5 53	10 47	New 3 6 41
29 Thursday,	6 8	5 52	11 39	First 10 3 0
30 Friday,	6 10	5 50	12 29	Full 17 5 17
1 Saturday,	6 11	5 49	1 11	Last 25 5 21

Marriages.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 11th of Sept. by the Rev. M. G. Clarke, Pastor of the Tabernacle Church, Chesnut Street Phila. Mr. Seth Humphreys of Bridgeton, N. J. to Miss Martha Jane Wagonsealer, formerly of Downingtown, Chester county, Pa.

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr William S. Anderson, to Miss Margaret Eames, both of this city.

On the 13th March last, by the Rev. T. Stork, Mr Charles W. Mason to Miss Elizabeth Johnson, both of Philadelphia.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. John Chambers, [illegible] Hirst, to Margaret Mead, all of this city.

On the 10th inst. by Ald. C. [illegible], Mr. Francis [illegible], to Miss Angeline Chinan, both of this city.

On the 22d June, by the Rev. W. H. Odenheimer, Mr. Frank Pratt, to Miss Mary J. Horn, both of Bristol, Pa.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. T. Stork, Mr Chas. S. Rexrath, to Miss Mary S. Jordan, both of Philadelphia.

On the 13th inst. by Ald. Buckman, Charles H. Jenkins, to Miss Anna Watson, both of this city.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. Dr. Ducachet, William K. Gilbert, M. D. to Miss Clara, only daughter of the late Alex. J. Ried, Esq. both of Philadelphia.

On the 8th inst. Mr. Francis S. Pauli, of Mauch Chunk, to Miss Josephine [illegible], of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr Charles K. [illegible], of this city, to Miss Margaret Moser, of Spring Garden.

On the 2d ultimo, by the same, Mr. Anthony Brown, to Miss Alice A. Wilson, daughter of the late John Wilson, all of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the same, Mr. George W. Allen, to Miss Elizabeth Murphy, all of Philadelphia.

On the 22d ult. by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. William [illegible], of Baltimore, to Miss Martha Brown, of Philadelphia.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. J. O. Rogers, Mr John S. [illegible], to Miss Beulah A. Lock, both of the city of Camden, N. J.

On the 13th inst. by the Rev. D. W. Bartine, Mr. Edward H. Worne, to Miss Rebecca F. daughter of Henry Warner, Esq. of Philadelphia.

In Manayunk, on the 6th inst. by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. John De Haven, of Upper Merion, to Miss Elizabeth [illegible], of Lower Merion.

Deaths.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Frankford, on the 13th inst. Miss Cornelia W. [illegible].

On the 14th instant, Benjamin Franklin, son of Charles and Drucilla Kinsman, aged 1 year.

On the 14th inst. Mary Ann, daughter of Jas. and Catharine Colebaugh, aged 11 months.

On the 13th inst. Mrs. Catharine Yarger, aged 38 years.

On the 14th inst. Bridget Ford, aged 34 years.

On the 14th inst. Mr. Samuel Ramsey.

On the 13th inst. Joseph G. Hewes, aged 16 mos.

On the 13th inst. Charles Alfred, son of George and Sallie A. Dickinson, aged 21 months.

In Camden, N. J. Abigail, daughter of Daniel and Catharine Joslin, aged 2 years and 1 month.

On the 14th inst. Clara Catharine, daughter of John H. and Catharine Knire, aged 1 year.

On the 14th inst. Mrs. Elizabeth Fox, aged 79.

On the 12th inst. Samuel M. Shaddinger, aged 72 years.

On the 12th inst. Edmund Burk, aged 53 years.

On the 12th inst. Armilda Ann, daughter of P. F. and Margaret Foster, aged 5 years.

On the 12th inst. Catharine McConner, aged 27.

On the 12th inst. Chas. Edward, son of John and Rebecca A. Crout, aged 10 months.

On the 12th instant, Lewis Tolaine, son of Wm. and Catharine Henion, aged 5 years and 10 months.

Mary E. Pierson, aged 4 years.

On the 13th inst. Peter Duffey, aged 55 years.

On the 13th inst. Mary, wife of Wm. Burk, aged 55 years.

On the 11th inst. Margaret, wife of Jas. McGill, aged 29 years.

On the 11th inst. Mrs. Ann Garvis, aged 63.

On the 12th inst. Mrs. Anne McKinley, aged 65.

On the 13th inst. William W. Nelson, aged 4 years and 10 months.

On the 11th inst. Rosanna, daughter of Patrick and Elizabeth Hughes, aged 14 years.

On the 12th inst. Mr. Caleb Pelton.

On the 10th inst. Mr. William [illegible], aged 37 years.

On the 10th inst. Lemuel, son of Wm. and Christiana McBride, aged 4 years and 1 month.

On the 10th inst. Louisa Potts, aged 47 years.

On the 10th inst. James Kiddell, aged 25 years.

On the 10th instant, Mary, wife of John Warren, aged 31 years.

On the 10th inst. Rebecca, wife of Enoch Thorn, aged 69 years.

OBITUARY.

Suddenly, on the 14th inst. Lizzie Stroud, wife of Dr Joseph C. Stroud, of Moorestown, N. J. and daughter of Mr Joshua S. Fletcher, in her 21st year.

This sad bereavement has cast a gloom on those we love, and it seems impossible to realize that the fair young girl, whom but a few months since we greeted in her new relation as a wife, is now the bride of Death. No words of sympathy can alleviate the sorrows of her friends, nor take the sting from the bitterness of the husband's grief, but we must look for consolation to Him who orders all things in wisdom, and who has prepared a brighter home for the lost one. The announcement of the death of Mrs. Stroud will, to many of her young friends and associates, be the first intimation of her illness. The awfully sudden dispensation which has taken her away when life was young and full of the promise of future happiness, makes it difficult to practice resignation. If the mere acquaintance feels the blow so keenly, what must be the anguish of her parents and sisters, and who will fill the void in that young heart where poor Lizzie was so fondly enshrined? The Christian consolation is, that their loss is her gain; the lesson to be derived is, that we should always be ready for the inevitable blow, which spares not her joyous youth, the happy bride, nor the daughter endeared to all around by her kindness of heart, and shedding radiance and fragrance around her home by the warmth of her sunny smiles.—*Sun.*

Bank Note List.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post,
BY I. CRAVEN & Co., BROKERS,
No. 32½ South Third Street.

Philadelphia, September 24, 1853.

PENNSYLVANIA.		**CONNECTICUT.**	
Philadelphia Banks	par	All solvent banks	½ dis
U S Bank notes	13 dis	Bk N Ams Seymour	½ dis
Harrisburg	½ dis	**MASSACHUSETTS.**	
Chambersburg	½ dis	All solvent banks	½ dis
York	½ dis	Dorchester and Milton stolen notes	no sale
Gettysburg	½ dis	**RHODE ISLAND.**	
Carlisle	½ dis	All solvent banks	½ dis
Middletown	½ dis	Phenix b'k, Westerly, stolen notes.	no sale
Brownsville	½ dis	**CANADA.**	
Pittsburg	½ dis	Montreal	1½ dis
Washington co	½ dis	**VIRGINIA**	
Honesdale	½ dis	Bk of Va & brch's	½ dis
Waynesburg	½ dis	Far Bk & brch's	½ dis
Erie	½ dis	Valley Bk & brch's	½ dis
All other solv'nt Bks	par	Ex Bk & brch's	½ dis
Relief notes	[illegible] dis	Wheeling	½ dis
NEW JERSEY.		**NORTH CAROLINA.**	
Trenton, M't Holly, Burlington, Medford, Salem, Bridgeton, Camd'n, Princeton, Bord'to'n Mfg Co	par	All solvent banks	1½ dis
Plainfield	closed	Small notes	1½ dis
State Bk Morris	do	**SOUTH CAROLINA.**	
Coml Bk Perth Amboy	do	All solvent banks	1½ dis
Peoples Bk Patterson	do	Small notes	1½ dis
N Hope Del Bridge Co	do	**GEORGIA.**	
Yardleyville do	10 dis	All solvent banks	1 dis
New Brunswick	½ dis	Bk St Mary's	25 dis
Newark	½ dis	Small notes	1½ dis
Morris co	½ dis	**ALABAMA.**	
Middletown Point	½ dis	Bk of Mobile	1 dis
Orange	½ dis	Country banks	3 dis
Belvidere	½ dis	**MISSISSIPPI.**	
Rahway	½ dis	All banks	uncertain
Dover	½ dis	**LOUISIANA.**	
All New Jersey secured by stocks	½ dis	All solvent banks	1 dis
DELAWARE.		**OHIO.**	
All solvent banks	par	Bk of Wooster	80 dis
Under 5's	½ dis	Bk of Norwalk	60 dis
MARYLAND.		All solvent banks	1 dis
Baltimore banks	½ dis	Small notes	1 dis
Mineral Bk	½ dis	**KENTUCKY.**	
Cecil co	½ dis	All solvent banks	1½ dis
Frederick co	½ dis	Small notes	1½ dis
Cumberland	½ dis	**INDIANA**	
Washington co	½ dis	All solvent banks	1½ dis
Hagerstown	½ dis	Small notes	1½ dis
Salisbury	½ dis	**ILLINOIS**	
Havre de Grace Far & Millers	failed	Bk of Illinois	80 dis
DIS. OF COLUMBIA		State Bk do	70 dis
All solvent banks	½ dis	[illegible] Free bks	1a3 dis
NEW YORK		**MISSOURI.**	
City banks	par a ¼ dis	All solvent banks	1 dis
Solvent co bks	½ dis	**TENNESSEE.**	
Jamestown bk	20 dis	All solvent banks	1½ dis
New Rochelle	20 dis	Small notes	2 dis
Far bk Onondaga	20 dis	East Tennessee	10 dis
MAINE.		**MICHIGAN**	
Mercan bk Bangor	10 dis	Gov't Stock bk	1 dis
All other solv'nt bks	½ dis	All solvent banks	2 dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		**ARKANSAS.**	
All solvent bks	½ dis	All banks	no sale
VERMONT		**WISCONSIN**	
Bank of St Albans	½ dis	All banks	uncertain
All solvent banks	½ dis	**TEXAS.**	
		Commercial & Agricultural bk Galveston	—

Issues of 1, 2 and 3 dollar bills, dated at Washington City, and resembling New York City and State issues, should be refused by the public—as a number of them have failed and are worthless.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

MAY be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots
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Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots. But the proprietors of the Post hold themselves responsible only for money received directly by themselves, or through their authorised travelling agents.

THE STOCK MARKET.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post,
BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER.
No. 26 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing firm:

		Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
U S 6's	'56	109	—	Southwark	69	70
"	'62	117	—	Kensington	69½	70
"	'67	122	122½	P Township	34	35
"	'68	122	122½	Girard	13½	14
" 5s	'53	103	—	Western	72	73
"	'65	109	—	Manuf & Mechs	30½	31
July Interest off				Bk of Com	65	65½
Philada 6s		103½	104	Camden N J	59½	60
" 5s		96½	97	Germantown	67	—
" 6s Gas		103	103½	Trent Bk Co	38½	—
County 5s		93	93½	Pitt'bg Bk	57	57½
Penna 6s		100	—	M & M Pitts	57½	58
" 5s		94	94½	Exchange, Pitts	57	—
Kentucky 6s		106	—	Com, Cin	15	—
Tennessee 5s		94½	95	Louis, Ky	110	111
Illinois 6s		81½	—	Kentucky Bk	113	114
Cincinnati 6s		101	—	Northern	112½	113½
Texas T Notes		50	55	Union, Tenn	92½	93½
" Bds 8s		65	70	Plant's, Tenn	93	94
Schuyl N 6s		79	79½	Vicksburg	14½	15
" Int		53½	53½	Com, Natchez	—	—
Lehigh N 6s		99½	100	N O Gas Bk	120	125
" Int Loan		98½	98½	Schuyl Nav	24½	25
" Mort 6s		101½	—	" pref'd to	31½	31½
C & D C'l 6s		92½	93	Lehigh Nav	73½	74
C & Am R bds		99	99½	C & Del Cal	146	148
BeaMdw R 6s		91	91½	Morris Cl	17½	17½
Susquch C'l 6s		63½	64	Penn & Ohio Cl	—	30
Norrist'n R 6s		100	101	Union Cl	14½	14½
Harris R 6s		100½	101	Camd & Am R	147	148
Wil R 6s		92½	93	Penna R	49½	50
Read R 6s		87½	88	Bea Mdw R	39½	40
" Mort 6s		92½	93	Lykens Val R	15	—
U S Bk Notes		[illegible]	—	North Am Cl	16½	17
U S Bk Shares		3½	4	Susquch Cl	12½	13
N Amer Bk		150	152	Norristown R	57½	58
Penna Bk		121	122½	Harrisburg R	53½	54
Philadelphia		139	140	Wilmington R	38	40
Far & Mec		73	73½	Reading R	42½	42½
Commercial		66½	67	Minehill R	67	68
N Liberty		55½	—	N Liberty Gas	22	25
Mechanics		32	33½	N W Min Co	—	25
				L'g Island RR	16½	16½

NEW YORK MARKETS, SEPT. 17.

Ashes—Sales of 40 bbls at $5,75a5,87½ for Pots, and $5,50 for Pearls.

Cotton—The market is easier, with sales of 500 bales.

Flour, &c.—We notice a better export demand for Flour, and the market at the close was firmer; sales of 13,000 barrels at $6 18¾a6,25 for State, and $6 18¾a6,37½ for Ohio, Michigan and Indiana. Canadian Flour is lower, with sales of 900 bbls to arrive at $6,75. A moderate demand for Southern Flour, with sales of 800 bbls at $6,44a6,62½. Small sales of fine Flour are making at $4,12½. Corn remains as last quoted.

Grain—For Wheat there is a moderate export demand, and the market is without important change, sales of 16,500 bushels white Michigan at $1,46a1,46½; 2,800 very choice do, to arrive on Monday, at $1,48; 2,700 interior Canadian on private terms; 2,500 white Ohio at $1,43, and 6,500 common to prime Genesee at $1,48a1 52. Rye unchanged; sales of 1,200 bushels at 91a95. Barley in moderate request, with sales of 2,000 bushels good two rowed at 78c, in store. Corn is lower, with sales of 16,000 bushels at 81a84c for mixed Western, 83a85 cts for white Southern, and 81a81½ cts for unsound do. Oats continue dull at 46a48c.

Provisions—A moderate demand for Pork, with sales of 500 bbls at $16 for Mess, and $12,75a13 for Prime. Beef steady. Sales of 150 bbls at $7a9 25 for Country Mess; $12a12,50 for City and repacked Chicago, and $14,75a16 for Country and City Prime. Cut Meats firm. Sales of Lard better. Sales of 650 bbls at 11½a11½c.

Whiskey—The market is easier. Sales of 350 bbls at 28c for Ohio, and 28a28½c for Prison. Drudge nominal at 29c, time.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (fourteen lines) one insertion, $2.00
" " " three months, [illegible]
" " " six months, [illegible]
" " " a year, [illegible]

Double-column Advertisements, a price and a half.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

☞ Persons purchasing articles advertised in our columns, will confer a favor by mentioning that they saw the advertisement in the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,

THE most attractive Magazine in the world. No three works combine the same advantages as the LADY'S BOOK. There is always something in it to suit all tastes.

The "Alabama Beacon" says that "the 'Lady's Book' is admitted by the press to be the best work of its class printed in the country." The "Jersey man" endorses our own opinion: "If the ladies can obtain the same quantity of information and instruction setting aside the entertainment which its pages afford, in any form for four times the price of the 'Book,' we are very much deceived about such matters." The Berks County "Press" considers that "the music, fashions and splendid engravings make up a collection of mental valuables more precious than fine gold." From the Pennsylvania Clinton "Democrat" we have the following: "A parent can present nothing to his daughters that will contain more intrinsic value than a year's subscription to the 'Lady's Book.'"

The October number is now published, containing one of the most attractive COLORED FASHION Plates ever published. Also, about TWENTY OTHER ENGRAVINGS expressly for ladies, including *Steel Plates*, Working Patterns, Embroidery, etc., etc.

1 year, $3; 2 copies, 1 year, $5, 6 copies 1 year, $10. L. A. GODEY,
It 113 Chesnut Street, Philada.

FINE CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

M. J. COOK advertises a business adapted to both sexes, and yielding a profit of from 500 to 1,000 per cent. for $1. B. B. Leslie advertises that he will send a knowledge of two discoveries for $1, by which a person can make on a few shillings capital $60 per month. E. Bowman advertises that he will for $1 send 30 different receipts for making money, from one of which alone he has known young men recently to make from $5 to $12 per day. Now, I have the whole of the above discoveries and receipts, and I will forward ALL of them in good faith to any one, and to any part of the United States or the Canadas, by return mail, on receipt of a single $1, postage paid. Address, ROBERT BIXBY, Post office, Box No. 30 Elmira, N. Y. sep24 2t*

P. S. I will also add to the above, complete instructions in the three useful Arts of P. L. Jeanchomme from which he states that he makes $13 per week.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM:
A MONTHLY JOURNAL FOR GIRLS AND BOYS.
EDITED BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

A paper, under the above title, will be published at Philadelphia, on the 1st day of October next.

In size and general character this publication will resemble Mrs. M. L. Bailey's lately discontinued "Friend of Youth;" the place of which it is designed to take.

TERMS—FIFTY CENTS a year for single copies, or ten copies for Four Dollars—payment invariably in advance.

All subscriptions and communications to be addressed to L. K. Lippincott, Philadelphia. sep3 4t

PETERSON'S FAMILIAR SCIENCE. A most useful and interesting book, for every school and family. See extracts from this great work in the Saturday Evening Post for the past year. Price 50 cents. Sent per mail. Address ROBT. E. PETERSON & CO.,
aug27-eow 3m Publishers, Phila.

MISS McARTHUR would inform her customers and the Ladies in general, that she has removed her DRESS MAKING Establishment from 29 South Tenth Street, to No. 7 North THIRTEENTH St., above Market. sep3-4t*

PALMER'S PATENT LEG. This world-renowned Artificial Limb, was among the *few* signal triumphs of American ingenuity exhibited in the WORLD'S EXHIBITION in 1851. It there received the award of the GREAT PRIZE MEDAL, as the "*best*" limb (amongst 30 of the best ENGLISH, FRENCH and GERMAN manufacture) exhibited.

Eight Hundred Persons now walking daily upon PALMER'S PATENT LEG, declare it the only adequate substitute extant. Pamphlets, giving full particulars, sent gratis. Address, B. FRANK PALMER, 376 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. sep3-1y

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ENVELOPES OF EVERY QUALITY, size and description, wholesale and retail, viz. Government Pattern, Plain and Legal, samples of which will be sent by mail, free of charge. Also, Die-sinking Engraving, Printing, and Embossing of Business Cards for Envelopes, Bill-Heads, Cards, Circulars, &c., all of which are furnished at very low rates.

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Yours, respectfully,
John R. Cory, No. 12 Lagrange Place.

Philadelphia, January 13, 1853.

Dr. C. M. Jackson—Dear Sir—I have used your "Hoofland's German Bitters" in my family for the last four years, for Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia, and am pleased to acknowledge that we have received the greatest benefit from its use. I have recommended it to a great many afflicted with similar diseases, with the same good result.

I have no hesitation in saying that it is an invaluable medicine, and hope you will be able to introduce it into every family in the Union. Yours, truly,
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Jackson, C. H., Jackson City, O., 20th Nov., 1852.

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In the hope that it will prove its own reward, I subscribe myself.
Resp'y your obt. serv't,
JAS. H. C. MILLER, M. D.

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JOHN R. KELLOGG, M. D.

Let gentlemen of the legal profession mark this case.
Williamsburg, L. I., Sept. 3, 1852.

Dr. Ayer,—Dear Sir—
Over application for the past three years to my duties as advocate brought on some eight months ago a severe irritation of the bronchial tubes, which was a constant annoyance to me, and fast becoming a source of great apprehension. Every remedy tried, failed to even relieve me, till I used your Cherry Pectoral. This has not only relieved, but as I trust, wholly cured me. I care nothing for the reputation of advocating Patent Medicines, and this is at your service. I shall recommend it to members of the bar, and others whom I may meet, laboring under similar indispositions. Yours truly,
R. F. JONES.

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Selected Poetry.

A RABBINICAL LEGEND.

BY FREDERICK LAWRENCE.

The shades of evening fell upon the land,
And Abraham dwelt within his tent, and called,
As was his wont, upon the Holy God.

There came a stranger to the patriarch's tent,
A solitary, weary wayfarer,
Years stricken, hunger-smitten, travel-soil'd,
And prayed and said: "Have pity on the poor,
And give me leave to rest my limbs awhile,
And cool my parched lips from the stranger's flask."

And Abraham heard, and in the name of Him
Who in one likeness fashioned all mankind,
Went forth and took the stranger by the hand,
And brought him in, and gave him bread to eat,
And cleansed him with water from his flask.

And Abraham asked him not from whence he came,
Whither he journeyed, or what name he bore;
But for that he was weary, and distressed
By toil and travail, hungry and athirst,
Besought him, saying: "Sojourn thou with me,
And in my tent with me and mine abide,
And share my morning and my mid-day meal,
That when thou art refreshed and satisfied,
Thou may'st proceed rejoicing on thy way."

Then Abraham turned him about awhile,
And fell upon his face, and prayed again,
And called aloud upon the Living God."

And lo! the stranger rose, and went aside,
Nor bent his knee, nor uttered prayer nor praise,
But fixed his eyes upon the setting sun,
And murmured something, which, as Abraham heard,
His wrath was kindled, and he spake and said:

"There is One God, who made the heavens and earth—
To whom alone all homage should be paid:
Him should'st thou worship, Him should'st thou adore;
The stars of night, the sun, the firmament,
Are His, and formed and fashioned by His hand.
Why call'st thou not upon His name with me?"

The stranger answered: "Worship thou thy God.
Nor in thy tent will I blaspheme His name,
But I have never learnt to pray to Him:
I worship not with thee, nor thou with me."

Then Abraham took the stranger by the arm,
And thrust him forth, and drove him from the tent,
And so with force constrained him to depart.

And Abraham fell upon his face again,
And called once more aloud upon his God;
And lo! a voice addressed him as he prayed,
"Oh, Abraham! Abraham!" Abraham knew the voice,
And spake and answered, "Yea, Lord, here am I!"

Then said the Lord: "Where is the man that sought
For food and shelter at my servant's hands—
The stranger that I sent to thee to-night?"

And Abraham answered: "He refused to call
Upon Thy name, and own Thee for his God,
And I was wroth, and sent him on his way."

Then spake the Lord: "Is he not old and poor—
Have I not borne with him these hundred years,
And could'st not thou, the servant of my choice,
Bear with his presence for a single night?"

And Abraham rose, and knew that he had sinned,
And smote his breast, and groaned within himself,
And cried and said: "The Lord my God is good.
Now, therefore, I will turn and seek the man,
And bring him in unto my tent again;
For surely he shall rest with me to-night."

So Abraham passed forth, and sought the man;
And wandering o'er the waste with heavy heart,
What time the shadows darkened all the land,
Found him at length, as through the wilderness
He journeyed on with toilsome step and slow.

And Abraham called after him, and said:
"Oh, stranger, I have done a grievous wrong,
And sinned against my God exceedingly;
Now, therefore, I beseech thee, turn again,
And rest thine aged limbs this night with me,
And on the morrow take whate'er thou wilt;
For so the Lord my God commandeth me."

So Abraham caused the stranger to return,
And brought him back with him unto his tent,
And on the morrow Abraham prayed the Lord
To bless the man with further length of days,
And heart and mind to learn and do His will.

Selected Articles.

A TALK IN THE DESERT ON RELIGION.

During the time I was in Asia, (said my friend,) I had occasion to cross a part of the Arabian desert, toward the Red Sea. Of course on this journey it is necessary to have not only a guide, but a body-guard; and mine was composed of eight or nine as wild and picturesque-looking Bedouins as you would wish to see—true sons of the desert, and Ishmaelites of pure descent; there could not be much doubt about that.

They were faithful to me, however; and it was pleasant to gallop day after day amidst this lawless troop, sometimes conversing with the sheik in such Arabic as I had contrived to pick up, and at other times witnessing such feats of horsemanship as my guards pleased to exhibit for my amusement, or to practice for their own. In the heat of the day we struck our tents (such tents!) and rested, as we did also at night. Our mid-day slumbers were often the most profound and the most prolonged.

One evening we had encamped as usual beside a muddy fountain, secured our horses, lighted a fire, and drank our coffee. My guards were seated around the fire, smoking and talking, while I made an effort to sleep under cover of the tent provided for my especial use. It was all in vain. The sheik had advised me of the probability of a night attack from a party of marauders, not of his tribe, whom he supposed to be in our neighborhood, but had begged me not to be alarmed, for my life was precious in his sight, and safe in his hands; he would defend me to the last drop of his heart's blood.

It might be that I half believed the report, and more than half distrusted my respectable friend's bravery; or it might be that my siesta had taken off the edge of drowsiness, or that thoughts of home kept my mind busy, or that the coffee I had drunk served as an anti-soporific, or that the loud talking of my Bedouins disturbed me. In short, I could not sleep, and, tired of inaction, I left my tent and drew near to the fire, which was very pleasant; for hot as are the days of desert travelling, the nights are often chilly.

My guards made room for me as I came near, and seating myself beside the sheik, I lighted my pipe, and looking at the grim countenances of the ragged fellows around me, each of whom was armed with pistols stuck into the belt, and a musket within reach of his hand, I wondered what my friends in England would think, if at that moment they had seen me.

My presence did not much disturb the loquacity of my guards; but I paid little heed to their rapid conversation, till the sheik, turning suddenly round upon me, exclaimed:

"What strange men you Englishmen are!"

"How so?" I asked. "Why strange?"

"You never fast," said he.

"Not often," I replied, laughing; "that is when we can get anything to eat."

My Arab friend laughed too, for that evening we had supped sparely from necessity; "but," said he, "is it not part of your religion? and"—before I could reply—"I don't think you have any religion. You don't pray; you don't give alms; you do nothing."

This was a home thrust, and my conscience felt it. I had looked upon the poor fellows around me as so bigoted in their faith, and had considered myself so completely in their power, that I had deemed it prudent to avoid every topic that might rouse their passions. In my solitary tent at mid-day, I had read the word of life; but I had concealed with jealous care from my guards the knowledge that I carried about with me "the Christian's Koran;" and when at morning and night I had commended myself in prayer to God my Maker, through Christ my Saviour, I had drawn close around me the curtain of the tent, and whispered low and fearfully, lest I should be overheard. "You have no religion," said the sheik; "you don't pray; you do nothing."

"God forgive me," I thought. "The rebuke is not altogether unjust."

"Now we," continued my reprover, and he went on boastingly to tell what their prophet required of them, and how faithful was their obedience in matters of devotion, charity and self denial; and while he spoke I lifted up my heart to God, and sought courage to bear a feeble testimony to His word. When the sheik paused, I put my hand into my bosom, and drew out a New Testament. "I have a religion," I said. "Would you like to hear what it teaches me on these high matters?"

"Certainly; would I tell him?"

By this time the attention of all my guard was directed to me. Their sparkling eyes were fixed fiercely, as I thought, upon me, their dark visages looking more grim by the flashing fire around which they were seated; and their hands were ready to grasp a weapon that would speedily bring down vengeance upon the head of the infidel dog who should dare to blaspheme their prophet.

"Listen," I said, as I opened the New Testament at the sixth chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew. "You speak of alms-giving; hear what my Koran says about giving alms;" and I rendered into Arabic the first four verses; "Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them," etc. When I stopped I looked up, and the dark countenances around me were glistening, but not with anger.

"Good!" exclaimed the sheik; "this is very good: go on."

I gathered courage, and read again: "And when thou prayest," etc. I read, translating as I read, to the fifteenth verse. Again I looked around me.

"Bismillah! but this is wonderful! wonderful!" exclaimed one to another, stroking their black beards; "wonderful!" and every harsh and forbidding feature was softened down to quiet, calm attention.

"More, more."

I read on: "Moreover, when ye fast," etc.

"Bismillah!" exclaimed the sheik again; "but this is wonderful!"

I needed no further urging on. Verse by verse, paragraph by paragraph, I read on to the close of the chapter, interrupted by the exclamations of wonder and approbation.

"Wonderful!" said my swarthy friend, the sheik, when at length I closed the book; "but this is wonderful! *And what good people you Christians ought to be!*"

I never, continued my friend, forget, and I hope I never shall forget, the lessons taught me by that desert fire. In the first place, I saw as I had never before seen, that caution may degenerate into cowardice; and I learned, in the second place, the enemies of Christianity themselves being our judges, that if the professed followers of Christ were but in all things what they ought to be, "like-minded one toward another, according to Christ Jesus," then would they "with one mind and one mouth glorify God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ;" and the constrained verdict of the unbelieving world would be, "Nay, but this is wonderful!"—*London Tract Magazine.*

A MASS MEETING IN GENOA.

There is scarcely any man so destitute as to die without leaving something to pay for a certain number of masses for the benefit of his soul, or hardly any poor woman who has not, from time to time, some masses performed, either for the soul of a deceased relative, for the cure of some sick member of her family, or for some such object. The sale of masses, therefore, is very considerable in Italy. I purposely say the *sale*, for the mass is paid for, and forms an essential part of a priest's income.—The price varies according to the demand, exactly like the price of stocks, and, like them, masses rise or fall with the greater or less supply in the market.

The spot where this singular exchange was held, where the price of masses was regulated, and all transactions relative to this odd species of merchandise took place, was precisely the Loggia of Banchi, on the side facing Goldsmith's Street.

If it was your wish to have a mass said immediately, or if you had an investment of five hundred masses to make, you could find what you wanted in this place. Brokers (priests, of course,) came to meet you, and made the bargain. Suppose a priest, who had some hundreds of masses to say, to be in want of ready money, he found there these said brokers, who took the masses at a discount, and paid him the difference. Some of the big-wigs—Rothschilds of this exchange—had in their pocket-books thousands and thousands of masses.—These men monopolized the ware at a good price, and then got rid of it at a profit to poor priests, their clients, (especially to those from the country,) and thus realized considerable gains.

This sale of masses sometimes gave rise to very ludicrous scenes. I have frequented the place often enough to witness a great variety of such. I shall merely note the following:

A livery servant, sent by his master from Albaro, a large village a few miles distance, was bargaining with a priest for a mass to be celebrated at the said place. The servant had been authorized to bid as much as three francs; but it was Sunday, the weather was bad, and there were but few priests at leisure. The merchandize was looking up.

"I won't stir for less than five francs," says the priest, turning away, as if to break off the conference.

"Five francs! that is unconscionable," returned the servant. "Why, one might get a *Novena** for that!"

"Well, then, get your *Novena*, but you shall not have a mass."

The priest crossed the street and entered a liquor shop.

"Boy, a glass of brandy," said he, to the lad behind the counter.

The servant, who followed close at the priest's heels, turned pale. If the priest should break his fast, farewell to all hope of a mass.

"I'll give you four francs, though I am sure I shall be scolded."

"Five francs! that's my first and last word," raising the glass to his lips; "you may take it or leave it, as you please."

He was just on the point of swallowing the contents, when the servant stopped his hand, saying,

"You drive a very hard bargain; however, you shall have the five francs."

And so it was settled.—*Lorenzo Benoni.*

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* A religious service performed nine days running.

WHAT ARE HUMBUGS?

Of late years we have had some distinguished humbugs here.

Ole Bull humbugged the people when he caressed his violin in public, and told extraordinary stories about the instrument; and the good Olius found it to his interest to do so. Now, Ole is not a charlatan, but a man of some genius and more skill.

De Meyer humbugged us with his lionism, his caricatures, his plaid trowsers, and his windy stories; but this had nothing to do with his ability; he is the greatest of the pianists who have visited us.

Sivori, skillful, though not great, humbugged us with a life and tales about Paganini. He had tolerable success. But Vieuxtemps, who was both skillful and great, did not humbug us, and went home with empty pockets.

Max Maretzek has humbugged us a little, and very daintily, with his handsome face, his imperious manner in the orchestra, and his suavity out of it; and being a very able man, he has succeeded tolerably well, even though he has managed the Italian opera.

When Jenny Lind gave away thousands of dollars, it was not humbug on her part, for she gave in secret as well as openly, and was utterly indifferent as to whom she pleased and whom she offended. But when Mr. Barnum called her "that angel" at the close of her first concert, and announced that all the receipts of that evening were to be given to the Fire Department; and when he put up around the walls of Castle Garden, "Welcome, Sweet Warbler," in gigantic letters, that was humbug; and it told in this way. The day but one after, about twilight, a Bowery boy came out of a barber's shop, very sleek, and twisting his shining flat curls.

"Hollo, Bill! what are you ab't?" said a companion.

"I'm a goin t'hear the wobbler, old hoss!" said Bill, with a wag of the head, and an extra pull of the curls.

Mr. Barnum had done it. Jenny Lind was "the wobbler;" Bill had never been to a concert before, and has never been since Jenny left us; and there are thousands like him.—That *Welcome, Sweet Warbler*, and the gift to the *Fire Department*, was a bit of humbug which made a hundred thousand dollars difference in Mr. Barnum's bank account. But it made not a feather's weight for or against Jenny Lind's permanent position as an artist.

When it was announced that rocking-chairs and piano-fortes had been sent to Madame Sontag by distinguished ladies, and when the town was turned upside down at a congratulatory serenade to her, *that* was humbug. But still Madame is the most charming of vocalists as she is the most elegant of women.

Madame Alboni is the peerless contralto of the day; and we thought there was no humbugging on her behalf, until we accidentally saw black-browed Badiali (not Cesare) rush in from a side door, after one of her splendid efforts, and throw six bouquets in rapid succession at her feet. That was humbug, and poor at that. But it could not harm Alboni. She is too great.—*N. Y. Courier and Inquirer.*

The Germans Outdone.—Some of the German prose writers are said to have constructed sentences which began on the top of one page, and closed about the middle of the next, but, if the following paragraph from the Boston Transcript be true, Mr. Choate leaves the longest winded German behind:

"The longest sentence we have ever met in our reading, occurs in Mr. Choate's Eulogy on Mr. Webster. From the 41st to the middle of the 45th page of the pamphlet edition, there is not a full stop. This passage, or single sentence, contains about *thirteen hundred* words, and occupies four pages and a half."

It makes one catch his breath to think of such a thing.—*N. Y. Post.*

A MORMON STORY.

A writer in the Alton Weekly Courier, relates the following incident as having occurred during the Mormon troubles:

Some dissensions had arisen among the Mormons themselves, and several families were on the point of abandoning the Society, when intelligence came to Zion, that a large band of armed men was approaching that town, to exterminate them. In an instant every dissension was hushed, and those who, but a moment before, were at deadly feud with their brethren, threw themselves upon their knees, at the feet of those whom they had wronged, and with tears implored their forgiveness. There is nothing better calculated to unite people together, than the expectation of pouring out their blood as martyrs in the same cause.

The Mormon village was furiously assaulted on every side by an overwhelming force. We are not writing the history of the Mormons, and shall give no details of that affair, except what belongs immediately to the Mavericks.

Mary, in the midst of the furious assault, continued to hide little Eddy behind the forge of a blacksmith shop that stood next door to their dwelling. Eddy, who had grown to be a boy of unusual intelligence and manliness of character for a child of his age, begged hard to be permitted to stand by the side of his mother, and share her fate, but this the anxious parents refused. Hardly had the boy been securely placed in that covert, when his father's dwelling was fiercely assailed, and Maverick, pierced with no less than four rifle balls, fell across his own door sill. Mary had just raised the head of the dying man in her lap, and heard his last sigh, when a cry of exultation arose from the adjoining blacksmith shop. Eddy had been discovered, and was dragged forth by a young man, whose real name we shall conceal under that of Vorse. Mary, with all the energy of her soul, implored them to spare her child, her only child, all that was now left to her widowed heart, pointing to her husband, who lay dead at her feet, in a pool of blood. But Eddy, even in this fearful hour, disdaining all supplications for his life, proudly drew up his form to its utmost height, and said,

"*I am an American!*"

Poor, mistaken, deluded child—he had read the history of his country, and vainly supposed that the very name of "*American*" would throw around his rights a shield of adamant. But the proud claim of the boy, and the wild pleadings of the young mother, were alike disregarded. Vorse replied, with a coarse, fiendish laugh,

"*Kill the young [illegible], and there will be no old ones!*"

Saying this, he coolly and deliberately brought his rifle within a foot of the child's head, and blew out his brains, sprinkling the clothes of the mother with the blood of her own child.

Let no one suppose, even for an instant, that the scene just described is a fiction. For the honor of manhood we do most solemnly wish it were. But we assure the reader that every incident related, however revolting, is strictly *true*. The slaughter of the father, the concealment and discovery of the boy, his proud claim, "*I am an American*"—the reply of Vorse, and the blowing out of the child's brains before the eyes of the agonized mother, all occurred just as it is here related. No human consideration would have tempted the writer to fabricate a fiction so revolting. But it is *truth*, and should be *told*.

THE KAFFIRS.

In personal appearance and formation, these Kaffirs are a race of the most manly and handsome people known among savages, and in many of their points resemble the New Zealanders. In stature they are generally tall, their height in stature varying from five feet eight inches to upwards of six feet. Their muscular frame is remarkable for symmetry and beauty, as well as great strength; but their arms, from want of proper exercise to develope the muscles, (owing, probably, to their usual indolent mode of life,) appear small and disproportioned in size to the legs and body. In all of them the lower limbs are strikingly robust and fine, and cases of deformity are very rarely to be noticed among them. Their carriage is stately and upright,—in many even majestic; and this is particularly observable in their chiefs, whose habitual attitude of ease, and abrupt yet graceful actions in giving their commands are truly eloquent and imposing. They are haughty and proud in their bearing, and carry the head quite erect and thrown back. The left arm is usually laid across the chest, to support the blanket or kaross, which, carelessly slung over the left shoulder, is their only covering or article of clothing. This, when moving quickly, they gather closer around them; and then, throwing the second corner of it over the right shoulder, they leave it to hang in negligent folds across their fine, expansive chests, reminding the beholder much of the Roman toga of old. Their shoulders are square and firmly set, and, like the chest, very broad. Their beards are large, but not disproportionate to their bodies; their forehead being elevated and intellectually formed, and in many cases very high, and finely developed in a phrenological point of view. Their hair is not so thick and matted as in either the negro or Hottentot races, from whom the Kaffirs widely differ in all points of personal appearance. Their ears are large, but well made, and seem generally to have become elongated by the weight of pendant ear-rings and ornaments. Their features, although much varied, are fine—particularly the eyes, which are keen and piercing; and, although always unsteady, wandering, and stealthy, yet from their large size and great brightness, and from their being well set under their broad, deep brows, the idea of cunning and deceit, which undoubtedly is their national character, and has usually to be found out by some dear bought experience, does not, at first sight, impress a stranger. The common color of the eye is black, or dark brown, somewhat in harmony with that of their skins, which are, however, darker in some tribes than in others; especially in the Amaponso and more Northerly ones. The nose also varies in form—in the T'Slambie tribes being broader and more of the negro shape than in the Gaikas or Galekas, where it assumes more of the European character. In many of them the perfect Grecian and Roman nose are discernible. These latter tribes appear, in all other respects, to retain their original nationality of appearance.—*Rev. F. Fleming.*

GAME BEEF AND AN INDIAN'S APPETITE.

The flesh of a fat buffalo cow, is perhaps the best beef that can be eaten; wholly free from the rank flavor which marks the fat of the male; it is at once juicy, tender, nutritious, and very digestible; added to which it has a game flavor which renders it far superior to the very best beef of the States. It may, in fact, be not improperly denominated "game beef."

This was the first time that any of my mess had partaken of that famous dish, the "hump," and the quantity disposed of was the best proof of the intense relish with which it was enjoyed. This and the tongue, tender-loin, bass and marrow-bones, are considered the choice parts of the carcass, and, where animals are plenty, no other parts are taken, the residue being left on the ground for the wolves. Some idea may be formed of the great digestibility of this species of food, at a single meal, from the fact that the regular daily allowance or ration for one employee in the Fur Company's service, is eight pounds, the whole of which is often consumed. It is true, however, that an old mountaineer seldom eats anything else. If he can get a cup of strong coffee, with plenty of sugar, and as much buffalo meat as he can devour, he is perfectly happy and content, never feeling the want either of bread or vegetables.

[Subsequently meeting with an Indian encampment of Sioux] the whole band halted about 10 o'clock on the bank of the river, but several of the old men and the chief of the village continued with us until our noon halt. I invited the latter to lunch with us, which he did to his entire satisfaction, devouring as much meat as the whole mess beside; and I afterwards espied him seated at one of the messes of the men, as earnestly engaged in laying in an additional supply as if he had not eaten for a week. The Indian, in fact, from his wandering habits and uncertain modes of existence, acquires the faculty of laying in, when opportunity offers itself, a store of food against the fast that may follow, thus approximating the instincts of other wild denizens of the forest.—*Capt. Stansbury's Expedition.*

Stroke of Wit.—A stroke of wit, accompanied by a delicacy of insult, was played off by a lady, who was engaged shortly to be married. The intended bridegroom, perceiving her talking for a considerable time, and with much apparent pleasure, to another gentleman, said to her, "I will be revenged of your infidelity, and show the letters which you have written to me." "Do," said the lady, "I have nothing to blush for, except the *direction*."

A Stroll in the Country.

Gipsy.—"Have your fortune told, my pretty gentleman?"

Pretty Gent.—"Oh! lawk! Don't mention it!"

Wit and Humor.

THE LOST TICKET:

OR,

A FRENCHMAN IN A STEW.

In returning from a trip to the Lakes, a few days since, I witnessed a little affair that makes quite an item in my note book, and may amuse your readers. After a weary drive, in a procession of twelve carriages, that moved solemnly for twelve hours over as many miles of beautiful country, we pulled up in front of the "National," in Springfield, at about 9, P. M. The Circus and County Court kept that beautiful little town in a densely populated state, so much so, that the sixty or seventy passengers that I counted as travelling companions, could not find beds to rest their weary limbs upon, but were forced to take carpet bags, trunks, juleps, until the cars for Cincinnati would give us more comfortable quarters. Among the rest, a little Frenchman, whose baggage consisted of a queerly shaped hat-box and a faded silk umbrella, moved restlessly about with the box in one hand and the umbrella in the other, pouring forth an uninterrupted stream of incomprehensible English, in a way sufficiently ludicrous to amuse two crowds. Suddenly the little gallic worshipper discovered, to his utter dismay, that he had lost his ticket, purchased at Buffalo, and warranted to carry him through to the Henrie House in Cincinnati. Here was a predicament! and in the consternation of the moment he dropped both hat-box and umbrella, and vociferated loudly, and in razor grinding tones for the stage agent.

"Vere is de stage agent? Vere I shall find de agent? Oh, mon Dieu—my gar—I have pay one—two—four—several—great many dollairee for von teeket vich I have no got. Who have peek up my teeket—who have find him—vere is de agent?"

It so happened that Mr. L——, the gentlemanly stage-manager, and out-door business man of the Cincinnati theatres, was one of our passengers, and at the time of Monsieur La Frog's deepest distress, was standing in the moonlight in front of the Circus, talking to a number of friends, when some mischievous wag pointed him out to the little Frenchman, as the stage agent. In a moment he was by the side of L——, and breaking in upon the conversation without any ceremony, exclaimed,

"Sare, I have loose my passport—I have loose my—vat you call him? eh! ah, yes—I have got him. No, no, I no mean I have got de ting—I mean I have got de name of de ting, I have lost my teeket."

L——, who knew nothing of the circumstances, supposing he meant a circus ticket, quietly said,

"I am not connected with the circus, sir."

"Sarecuss! vat do I care about de sarecuss—I no vant de sarecuss; I vant my teeket vich I have loss."

"I am sorry for your loss, sir, but I am not the person to apply to for a remedy."

"You are not the za pairsone to make de remedie? Sare! are you not connect wiz de stage?"

"Yes, sir, I am connected with the stage, and if I was in Cincinnati, would with pleasure replace your lost ticket, but I have not the power to do so *here*."

"Vat do I do viz de teeket in Cincenatt—I no vant dee teeket in Cincenatt—I vant de teeket—here—in dees place vere I have loose him—if I no get de teeket here I shall nevaire get to Cincenatt—I shall bring nine, four, several gentleman, vich will prove zat I have pay for my teeket vich I have no got, but vich have zhump out of my pocketts."

"Never mind, sir," kindly responded L——, glad to get rid of his tormentor on any terms; "I will replace your ticket." So saying, he stepped up to one of the *attaches* of the circus, procured a ticket, and handed it to the excited Frenchman. Poor Frenchy took the square piece of pasteboard, marked "Box," and supposing all right, put it carefully in his pocket-book—gathered up his hat-box and umbrella, and reaching the hotel, was fortunate enough to find six feet of the parlor floor unoccupied. Stretching himself out at full length, he was soon in the land of dreams, where no doubt his soul revelled and floundered in whole seas of frog soup.

In the morning, soon after breakfast, we were all comfortably seated in the cars, and tearing along at a break neck speed. Frenchy sat close to me, and jabbered incessantly. Shortly after, the conductor entered, with his usual salutation of "Tickets, gentlemen." Our little friend opened his pocket-book, took out the ticket he had received the night before, and presented it to the conductor.

"This is not the right ticket, sir."

"He ees no de right ticket? yes, *saire*, he is de right ticket; I have get him from de stage agent, myself."

"That don't alter the matter, sir. I tell you that ain't the proper ticket. It don't belong here—it belongs to the circus."

"Ha! dees ees dat sarecuss come once more. Now vat have I got to do wiz de sarecuss?"

"I know nothing about your connections, sir, I only know that that ain't the right ticket, and if you don't produce the proper document before we reach town, you'll have to pay your fare."

He was just about to assassinate English in reply, when a benevolent individual, who sat next to him, explained, as well as he could, the true nature of the case. This only had the effect of changing the current of his rage, and he chafed up and down the floor, showering invectives upon the devoted head of the agent, who had given him the ticket the night before.

"Ah, yes—by gar, I have now see—I have been sheat—I have been swindalle—I have been vat you call de hum-bug—but nevaire mind, I sall return yesterday—to-morrow—sometime, and shastise the rascal vera much, great deal, several time."

While laying this flattering consolation to his wounded soul, his eye happened to rest upon poor L——, who sat quietly at the far end of the car—and recognizing him as the stage agent of the night before, he at once "opened on him."

"Sare, you are vera great scoundrel, and I sall give you five cent to black my boot."

"What's that, sir?"

"I say you are von rascal—von leetalle puppy-dog vis out de tail—you have pooked my pocketts—you have sheat a me—you have no geeve me ze teeket vich I have pay for—you have no geeve me ze teeket I have loose—but you have geeve me von teeket to de *Opera le Cheval*—vot you call de horse opera—de sarecuss."

"Sir," said L——, rising from his seat in evident indignation, "what do you mean? How dare you apply the word pickpocket to me?"

"Sare, I sall soon show you vat I have mean—I mean to flog a you—I mean to shastise a you, vera mush," and suiting the action to the word, he pitched into his antagonist, and before bystanders could separate them, had badly dislocated poor L——'s shirt collar, and drawn a copious flood of claret from his nose. By dint of persuasion and force combined, however, he was finally seated in front of the car, surrounded by a number of peace-makers, who, after much difficulty, succeeded in convincing him that the whole affair originated in a mistake. He then begged to be conducted to L——, who was busily engaged in saturating the third handkerchief, in a vain attempt to stop the red current that still persisted in oozing from his nose.

"Sare, I have see I have make von leetalle, small, great big mistake. I am very sorry for him. On my honaire, sair, if I have known him before, I sall not have weep your nose; but I am ready to make de apologize—to make amende, and for every drop of claret which I have drew from your nose, I sall wiz plaisire, put one bottle in your bellie."

Here the loud mirth of the bystanders restored L—— to his good humor, and joining in the laughter, he shook hands with his antagonist, and they were friends.—*Cincinnati Signal.*

The Reason Why "Brudder Dickson" Left the Church.—Mr. Dickson, a colored barber in one of our New England towns, was shaving one of his customers, a respectable citizen, one morning, when a conversation occurred between them respecting Mr Dickson's former connection with a colored church in that place.

"I believe you are connected with the church in Elm Street, Mr Dickson?" said the customer.

"No, sah, not at all."

"What! are you not a member of the African church?"

"Not dis year, sah."

"Why did you leave their communion, Mr. Dickson, if I may be permitted to ask?"

"Why, I tell you, sah," said Mr. Dickson, stropping a concave razor on the palm of his hand. "It was just like dis—I jined dat church in good fait. I gin ten dollars toward the stated preaching of de gospill de fus year, and de church peopil all call me *Brudder Dickson*. De second year my business not good, and I only gib him five dollars. Dat year de church peopil call me *Mr. Dickson*. Dis razor hurt you, sah?"

"No, razor tolbul well."

"Wall, sah, de third year I feel berry poor—sickness in my family—and I didn't gib *noffin* for preachin'. Well, sah, arter dat dey call me *ole nigger Dickson, an' I leff 'em!*"

Miscellaneous.

A CHILD EMBRACING ITS MOTHER

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Love thy mother, little one!
Kiss and clasp her neck again—
Hereafter she may have a son
Will kiss and clasp her neck in vain—
Love thy mother, little one!

Gaze upon her living eyes,
And mirror back her love for thee—
Hereafter thou may'st shudder sighs
To meet them when they cannot see.
Gaze upon her living eyes!

Press her lips the while they glow
With love that they have often told—
Hereafter thou may'st press, in woe,
And kiss them till thine own are cold.
Press her lips the while they glow!

Oh! revere her raven hair
Although it be not silvery gray,
Too early death led on by care,
May snatch, save one dear lock, away.
Oh! revere her raven hair!

Pray for her at eve and morn,
That Heaven may long the stroke delay,
For thou may'st live the hour forlorn
When thou wilt ask to die with her.
Pray for her, at eve and morn!

A STICK OF BREAD.

Harry Hazel, in a letter from Paris, to the Yankee Privateer, says:

On the morning of my arrival in Paris, I saw a woman approaching with what I supposed to be an armful of round wood, some three or four feet in length, but on a near inspection of her burden, I found, somewhat to my surprise, that it consisted of eight or ten *sticks of bread*. The Parisians are particularly partial to the crusts, and thus it is that they have the staff of life "long drawn out," before it goes into the oven for baking.

On entering a *cafe* for my first breakfast in Paris, a *stick* of bread was placed before me, measuring some two feet and six inches in length, by about four inches in circumference, the *bark* of which was about half an inch in thickness, a most conclusive indication that like myself the Johnny Crapeaus generally are blessed with good *ivories* for mastication. I managed to grind some six inches of my crust, together with other edibles, and arose to depart, when a Frenchman near by, addressing me in broken English, said, interrogatively:

"Mosseuh will finish de *pain?* (bread.)"

"No, Mosseuh," I replied.

"Pardong," said he, "de *pain*, vot you call bread, is yours, you will eat it."

"I suppose I am not *compelled* to eat it," I suggested, with some emphasis.

"Nong, pardong, Mosseuh; but you will take it with you?"

"I shall do no such thing!" said I, beginning to think the Frenchman impertinent.

"Ah! *tres bien! merci*, Mosseuh! Den I will take it for you!" said he; and the fellow, with a coolness which pleased me, picked up the remaining portion of the *bread shillalah*, and put it beside his own plate.

I looked round to see if the *garcon* was not preparing to kick him out of the *cafe*, but he seemed not the least surprised, and I came to the conclusion that this was one of the "customs of the country;" and indeed I had confirmation of it afterwards. A few days following, I invited an acquaintance, a Frenchman, to take coffee with me. When we had finished, I arose to depart; when he inquired of me if I was not intending to take a few lumps of loaf sugar which remained in the bowl, and which he asserted belonged to me. I declined, when he politely remarked that if I did not want it he did, and turning the lumps of *sucre* into his hand, he deposited them very carefully in his coat pocket. And what is more surprising still, I have every evidence that this French friend of mine is a gentleman!

Finding Fault With the Dress of a President.—A copy of the Boston Chronicle for August, 1802, more than half a century since, has been raked up. It contains a curious specimen of political polemics, in a philippic of the editor against Thomas Jefferson, then President of the United States. After condemning Jefferson's political conduct, the Chronicle makes a charge that the President of the United States actually appeared in public "Dressed in long boots, with the tops turned down upon the ankles, like a Virginia buck, overall of corduroy, faded by frequent immersions in soap-suds, from yellow to a dull white; a red, single-breasted waistcoat; a light brown coat with brass buttons, both coat and waistcoat quite threadbare; linen very considerably soiled; hair uncombed, and beard unshaven." The indignation of the Chronicle is aroused, that no contradiction of such a charge of boorishness had appeared.

THEATRES AT ATHENS.

For the first few years after the commencement of theatrical performances, no money was paid for admission to them; but, after a time (probably about B. C. 500,) it was found convenient to prevent the crowds and disturbances occasioned by the gratuitous admission of every one who chose to come. The charge was two oboli; but, lest the poorer citizens should be excluded, the entrance money was given to any person who might choose to apply for it, provided his name was registered in the book of the citizens. The lowest and best seats were set apart for the magistrates, the members of the Senate, and all such persons as had acquired or inherited a right to front seats. It is probable that those who were entitled to reserved places at the theatre, had also tickets of admission provided for them. The entrance money was paid to the lessee of the theatre, who paid the rent and made the necessary repairs out of the proceeds. The distribution of the admission-money out of the public funds was set on foot by Pericles, at the suggestion of Damonides of Œa; its application was soon extended, till it became a regular largess from the demagogues to the mob at all the great festivals. And well might the patriot Demosthenes lift up his voice against a practice which was, in the end, nothing but an instrument in the hands of the profligate orators, who pandered to the worst passions of the people.

The lessee sometimes gave a gratuitous exhibition, in which case tickets of admission were distributed. Any citizen might buy tickets for a stranger residing at Athens. The question whether in Greece, and more especially at Athens, women were present at tragedies, is one of those which have given rise to much discussion among modern scholars, as we have scarcely any passage in ancient writers in which the presence of women is stated as a positive fact. But Jacobs and Passow have placed it almost beyond a doubt, from the various allusions made by ancient writers, that women were allowed to be present during the performance of tragedies. This opinion is now perfectly confirmed by a passage in Athenæus, which has been quoted by Becker in corroboration of the conclusion to which the above-mentioned scholars had come. We have, however, on the other hand, every reason to believe that women were not present at comedies, while boys might be present both at tragedy and comedy. The seats which women occupied in the Greek theatres were in the highest row of benches, and separated from those of the men.

Theatrical representations at Athens began early in the morning, or after breakfast; and, when the concourse of people was expected to be great, persons would even go to occupy their seats in the night. The theatres had no roofs. The sun, however, could not be very troublesome to the actors, as they were in a great measure protected by the buildings surrounding the stage, and the spectators protected themselves against it by hats with broad brims. When the weather was fine, especially at the Dionysiac festivals in the Spring, the people appeared with garlands on their heads; when it was cold, as at the Lenæa in January, they used to wrap themselves up in their cloaks. When a storm or a shower of rain came on suddenly, the spectators took refuge in the porticoes behind the stage, or in those above the uppermost row of benches. Those who wished to sit comfortably, brought cushions with them. As it was not unusual for the theatrical performances to last from ten to twelve hours, the spectators required refreshments, and we find that, in the intervals between the several plays, they used to take wine and cakes.

The Athenian performers were much esteemed all over Greece; they took great pains about their bodily exercises, and dieted themselves in order to keep their voices clear and strong. They appear to have been generally paid by the State; in the country exhibitions, however, two actors would occasionally pay the wages of their third companion. The salary of actors was often very high; and Polus, who commonly acted with Tlepolemus in the plays of Sophocles, sometimes earned a talent by two days' performances. The histrionic profession was not thought to carry with it any degradation. The actor was the representative of the dramatist, and often the dramatist himself. Sophocles, who sometimes performed in his own plays, was a person of the highest consideration; the actor Aristodemus went on an embassy, and many actors took a lead in the public assembly. In some cases the actors were not only recognized by the State, but controlled and directed by special enactments. Thus, according to the law brought forward by the orator Lycurgus, the actors were obliged to compare the acting copies of the plays of the three great tragedians with the authentic manuscripts of their works, preserved in the State archives; and it was the duty of the public Secretary to see that the texts were accurately collated.—*Anthon's Greek Literature.*

Dress in California.—A San Francisco editor tells this story about the prevailing taste for finery among the California ladies:—There is perhaps no place in the world where ladies dress so richly as in California, and the every day costume of a lady in San Francisco is quite equal to a special "get up" for a promenade in that wonderful thoroughfare, the Broadway of the Gothamites. The good old fashioned ten cent calicoes that our grandmothers used to wear, which were made up on economical principles and not to run to *waist*, are here scarcely ever seen; "but though lost to sight, are to memory *dear*." In those good old days a dress three yards in circumference was considered sufficiently ample—but now it takes more material to dress a lady than to envelope a respectable mummy. We have not passed anything in our streets time out of mind, but silk and satin; how rich and pleasant it sounds as it rustles past—so luxurious and refined! Yesterday, as we were plodding in sober reflection toward our sanctum, a lady came out of a store and moved gracefully on in front of us; her figure was elegant; a rich China silk swept the pavement and the cigar stumps, a splendid Canton crape shawl enveloped her shoulders, a hand encased in a white kid hung gracefully over one arm, a French embroidered handkerchief emitted an odor of "Jockey Club." Our curiosity to see the face of the fair proprietress of these dry goods was intense; we walked faster, got before her, dropped our walking stick, stooped to pick it up, and as we regained our upright position the face met ours—— Shade of departed romance! It was our washerwoman, *Sally*, a respectable "cullard pusson" of the fust water.

Affecting Incident.—Yellow Fever.—An incident of the most affecting and heart-rending character occurred at the inquest of the desolate and ill-starred stranger, Mary Cotter, who died of yellow fever, as one of the gentlemen of the jury informed us, from sheer and absolute neglect! There was the corpse of the mother, pale and attenuated, but still beautiful in death; a child but three months old, was evidently seeking for her "milkless breast;" the poor father lay dying at the foot of the corpse—and yet, that smile which is known but to infancy and the angels, was beaming on the baby's face! Suddenly it turned, and with all the earnestness of mature years, fixed a long and steady gaze on a gentleman named Tyrrell! Mr. Tyrrell was deeply affected; he took up the infant and pressed it to his heart, and with the consent of the dying father, has adopted the child as his own. May he who feeds the ravens of the valley, and who said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me," bless and reward him for this charitable deed.—*New Orleans Courier, Sept. 1.*

For Housekeepers.

Reed Bird Pie.—Cut your birds in half, wash them and wipe them dry; season with pepper and salt. Line the sides of your pie-dish with paste, then place in a layer of reed birds; over these dredge a little flour, and put some lumps of butter; then put in another layer of birds, and flour, and butter, till all are in. Put in enough water to make the gravy, cover with a lid of paste, and bake in a moderate oven. Leave an opening in the centre of the top crust to let the steam escape.

Fried Reed Birds.—Pick them, cut them down the back with a pair of scissors, wash them and dry them in a cloth, season with salt and pepper, dip each one first into some yolk of egg well beaten, then into bread crumbs or grated cracker, and fry them in hot lard and butter mixed in equal portions. The white of the egg should not be used, as the bread or cracker crumbs will not adhere to the flesh so well. They may be dressed as above, and fried in the hot lard butter, without the egg and crumbs.

Chow Chow.—Three cabbages, twenty-five peppers, half a pint of mustard seed, three sticks of horse-radish, chipped. Cut the cabbages as for slaw; chop the peppers very fine. Put in a jar a layer of cabbage, a very little salt, then a layer of peppers, sprinkle over this some horse-radish and mustard seed, and so on, till all is in, then fill up the jars with cold vinegar, in every quart of which dissolve two ounces of sugar. This is very good with hot or cold meat.—*National Cook Book.*

The Cabman and the Pint of Stout.—A Fable.—A cabman, being inclined to drink, stepped into a public-house, and called for a pint of stout, which he swallowed at a draught, and in payment for the liquor paid down a fourpenny piece. The landlord, who chanced to be serving in the bar, being a wag, called after his customer, as the latter was going,

"Hi, there, you!"

To which the other, turning his head, replied,

"Halloo!"

"Come, I say!" pursued mine host, "this here won't do!"

"Wot won't do?" demanded the other.

"Wot?" the landlord repeated; "wot's this here?"

"Wot's this here?" returned the cabman; "why, it's a fo'p'ny bit, isn't it?"

"Well, and wot then?" asked the landlord.

"Wot dy'e mean?" retorted the cabman.

"Wot do you mean?" rejoined the landlord; "wot dy'e mean this here for?"

"For a pint o' stout, to be sure," was the cabman's answer.

"Ho, ho, ho!" shouted the landlord.

"Wot are yer larfin' at?" exclaimed the cabman, in astonishment; "Fo'pence a pint o' stout—ain't that right?"

"I s'pose," replied the landlord, "yer calls yerself a gentleman."

Here the people who were tippling at the bar burst into a loud laugh, which awoke the cabman to a perception that the landlord had been making game of him.

"Come, come," said Boniface, "I was only chaffin' you; but now I hope you'll see the propriety of takin' wot you're entitled too when you're offered it, without indulgin' in superfluous and unpleasant hobservations."

For the Young.

MONSOONS.

Q. What are these periodical currents of air (which affect the neighborhood of the Arabian, Indian and Chinese Seas) called?

A. They are called *Monsoons*.

Q. How far do the limits of the *Monsoons* extend?

A. They extend from the African shore to the longitude of New Guinea; and are felt *Northward* as far as the parallel of latitude which crosses the Loochoo Isles.

The Loochoo Isles are about 24 deg. North lat., and 130 deg. East longitude.

Q. Are the monsoons as *powerful* as the trade winds?

A. They are far *more* so, and very often amount to violent gales.

Q. Why do not the trade winds in the *Indian Ocean* blow South West from April to October?

A. Because the *air* of Arabia, Persia, India, and China, *is so rarefied* by the enormous heat of their summer sun, that the cold air from the South rushes *towards these countries* across the *equator*, (during these *six months*,) and produces a *South-West* wind.

Q. To what distance does this *South-West* wind prevail?

A. From three deg. South of the equator, to the shores of the Arabian, Indian, and Chinese Seas.

Q. Why do the trade winds (in the *Indian Ocean*,) blow North East from October to April?

A. Because the *Southern part of the torrid zone* is most heated when the sun has left the *Northern* side of the equator for the *Southern*; and the cold air from the North (rushing towards the Southern tropic) is diverted into the direction of *North-East*, where it continues for the *other* six months of the year.

Q. Why are the *monsoons* more *useful* to the mariner than the fixed *trade winds?*

A. Because the mariner is able to avail himself of these periodic changes, to go in *one* direction during *one* half of the year, and to *return* in the *opposite* direction during the *other* half.

Q. How is the change of the monsoons marked?

A. By an interval of alternating calms and storms.

Q. Show the *goodness* and *wisdom* of God in the constant tendency of air to equilibrium?

A. If the torrid zone were not tempered by cold air from the polar regions, *it would become so hot* that no human being could endure it. If (on the other hand,) the polar regions were never warmed by hot air from the torrid zone, they would soon become *insufferably cold*.

Q. In what *other* way does the mingling of the polar and equatorial atmosphere act *beneficially?*

A. In the *equatorial* regions, the great abundance of *vegetable* life is productive of a very large amount of *oxygen*; in the *colder* regions, artificial *fires*, and dense masses of *animal life*, produce large quantities of *carbonic acid*. The mingling of the polar and equatorial atmosphere assists in supplying each of these regions with the very gas in which it would be otherwise deficient.

Q. Why does the expansion of air cause wind?

A. The heat of the sun heats that part of the surface of the earth over which it is vertical; the heat of the earth thus acquired by absorption, is imparted to the lowest stratum of air, which, becoming expanded, rises and gives place to another, and in this manner an ascending current is established.

The colder and heavier air rushes in from the colder regions North and South to fill the vacuum thus occasioned, thus producing wind.

"*Stratum*," layer. The lowest stratum of air, is that portion of air which is in contact with the surface of the earth.—*From "Familiar Science," edited by R. E. Peterson.*

The Riddler.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I am composed of 19 letters.

My 1, 3, 13, 9, 1, is a small scrip of paper.
My 2, 11, 5, 14, is a preposition.
My 3, 7, 18, is necessary to sustain life.
My 4, 10, 5, 5, 3, 11, is an Indian case.
My 5, 8, 11, is a number.
My 6, 2, 17, 12, is part of the body.
My 7, 11, 12, 9, 3, 11, is a race of people.
My 8, 1, 7, is a man's name.
My 9, 14, 10, 5, is a castle.
My 10, 11, 5, is a [illegible].
My 11, 3, 12, 7, 13, is a point in the heavens opposite the zenith.
My 12, 7, 3, 1, is a plate showing the hour.
My 13, 17, 5, 8, 11, 3, is a part of the eye.
My 14, 10, 16, 9, 5, is a line described by the revolution of a planet.
My 15, 11, 5, 5, 1, 8, is a glass vessel.
My 16, 10, 4, 12, is a poet.
My 17, 3, 4, is the [illegible].
My 18, 14, 15, 16, 17, 13, is part of my whole.
My whole are three dangerous individuals in society.

Church Hill, O. G. W. C.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 1, 2, 5, 8, 10, is a river in Kentucky.
My 11, 6, 5, 10, is the name of a bird.
My 14, 8, 9, 2, is an animal.
My 6, 7, 8, 9, 4, 5, is a peninsula in Europe.
My 10, 13, 11, is an adverb.
My 14, 12, 7, 3, is a girl's name.
My 4, 13, 10, 4, 13, 2, 14, is a capital of one of the United States.
My 7, 3, 4, 9, is a cave.
My 1, 7, 4, 10, 3, 14, 3, is a city in Spain.
My 5, 7, 2, is what we all sometimes do.
My 5, 14, 2, 8, 11, was a King of England.
My 10, 8, 7, 13, was an Emperor of Rome.
My 3, 10, 3, 4, 8, 5, 12, 10, was an ancient poet.
My 3, 10, 10, 5, was a Queen of England.
My 11, 2, 2, 7, 9, 10, was a revolutionary soldier.
My 2, 6, 14, is a color.
My 5, 12, 7, 10, is a grain.
My 5, 10, 11, is a domestic animal.
My whole is one of America's most gifted daughters.

Clark's Run. J. B.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

My first is an instrument of death,
My second is a [illegible] reduced to dust,
My whole is a [illegible] in my first.

N. Hampton. L. F. W.

PARADOX.

If from six you take nine, and from nine you take ten,
Ye wise now this puzzle explain;
And if fifty from forty be taken, there then
Will just half-a-dozen remain.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A man buying stock, purchased mules at $ [illegible], horses at $10 and colts at $4. The number bought was 20 and the price was $ 210. How many of each did he buy?

N. C. W. D. B.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is your nose like Niagara River? Ans.—Because there is a bridge over it.

☞ Why is the blush of modesty like a little girl? Ans.—Because it becomes a woman.

☞ Why is a market like a love-letter? Ans.—Because they both contain tender-lines.

☞ Why is it so disgraceful to travel in the "cars?" Ans.—Because it is being "ridden on a rail."

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

[illegible]

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

Take Care to Make no Mistakes.

CHARADE.—[illegible]

PROBLEM.—[illegible]

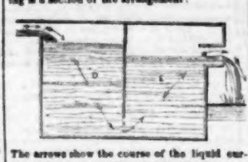
Agricultural.

TANKS FOR LIQUID MANURE

Intelligent farmers are becoming well acquainted with the fact that under the ordinary management of manures, or rather want of management, a loss of fifty per cent. or more occurs by the waste of the liquid portions, and by the washing of rains. As a consequence, much ingenuity has been exercised, and much labor performed, to save and apply it. Tanks, or large water-tight underground cisterns, have been built, into which all the drainage of manure is directed. When full, some have pumped the contents back on their manure or compost heaps; others have pumped them into water carts, and conveyed them directly to the growing crops. Others again, have filled their tanks with dried peat, charcoal, &c., and when these are saturated, the whole is thrown out and used as manure, and fresh portions again deposited. A more common, but less perfect, although easier way, is to keep the stables well littered with straw, and trust to its absorption of the liquids.

These all have their disadvantages. Carting out the liquid manure in water carts, is altogether too expensive for ordinary farm crops—for although pumping and throwing from pipes is easier than shovelling the solid material, and the finely divided fertilizer penetrates the soil to great advantage, yet the many tons of water required to be drawn out in order to get one ton of solid material, overbalances all the advantages. Pumping the contents back on the compost heap is far better, especially if there is a large amount of turf and loam to absorb the rich parts. Filling the tank with absorbents saves all, but wastes labor, as these solid materials soon become loaded and heavy with water, for the small portion which they hold in solution, and all this weight of water must be shovelled out every time the cistern is filled, which is absolutely out of the question for common practice.

We observe by the English papers that a decided improvement has been made on all these plans, by Lady Franklin Russell, near Thirsk. It has been applied on a large scale to drains or sewers, and possesses the peculiar advantage of retaining all the enriching materials, and suffering the water in a pure and transparent form to escape; and may, of course, be as well applied to the drainage of the barn-yard. The following is a section of the arrangement:



The arrows show the course of the liquid current; the first tank, D, is filled with clay, turf, or loam, a large portion of clay being desirable; and the second tank, E, with charcoal dust. The liquid finds its way through these substances by the force of gravity, and by capillary attraction. Two sets of these tanks are placed at the foot of each sewer or drain, and as soon as the water ceases to flow pure from the first, it is immediately turned into the second, while the contents of the first are removed. The great advantage of this plan is, that the valuable parts of the liquid are absorbed, and many times concentrated, instead of being dissipated through a vast bulk of water, while the operation of pumping up all this water, as in the mode before mentioned, is entirely avoided.

Should such a plan as this be adopted to any extent on a farm, it would be an economical arrangement, and save some cartage, to carry the drainage as near as practicable to the place where most of the manure would be used, before passing into the tanks; and also to place them, if possible, on a hill-side, where the soil or turf could be easily dumped into them from a cart, and taken out into the cart below, when saturated. If charcoal cannot be had, both tanks may be filled with earth. Dried peat will absorb much liquid, but its absorption is *mechanical*, not *chemical* like clay, and hence when saturated, the water will not flow off pure.—*Country Gentleman.*

SOILING CATTLE

We find the following facts in a report of the discussions at a meeting of the Farmers' Club of the American Institute in New York, as published in the "New York Agriculturist," from which we abridge the statements here given.

Mr. Bell, of Morisiana, keeps on hand from 100 to 150 head of cattle. He appropriates *ten* acres to the production of green food for his herd. This he ploughs in the fall eight inches deep. Twenty-five ox loads of good barn-yard manure are applied to the acre, which is ploughed in, the ground is harrowed in spring, and about the middle of April, (little earlier than we can do it in Maine,) the corn is sown broadcast, at the rate of four bushels to the acre.

He sows in this way: spaces of fifteen feet are taken, and in sowing he goes down one side and up the other, and then gives an additional cast; this is necessary, as it would not be thick enough in going over twice, but it takes more seed. He thinks it advisable to sow it after potatoes; at any rate, he prefers to have the land previously cultivated, and no sod. He sows the first acre between the middle of April and first of May, and ploughs the seed in four inches, as he has found that in harrowing, it is not half covered. A light rolling is then given. The variety of corn used is the yellow North River corn.

On the 10th of May he sows the second acre, on the 20th an acre, and on the 30th an acre. Again on the 10th of June he sows another acre, on the 20th an acre, and on the 30th an acre, and the same course pursued in July until the ten acres have been gone over.

The first acre begins to be cut on the 15th of July, and lasts until the 15th of August. The second from 15th of August to 25th of September, and so he goes on taking the acres in rotation, until the whole is exhausted. The ten acres he says supply his 100 cows for more than three months, but in order to help their milking qualities he gives food of meal. He has fenced off one acre and a half for a cow yard, which allows exercise to his cattle.

He thinks he can soil as many cattle on ten acres as he could pasture on fifty acres of land. He finds the outlay for labor for soiling, is of course greater than mere pasturing would require, but he obtains a large quantity of excellent manure.

He finds that the milk is quite as abundant when fed in this way, as on pasture, and of a richer quality, and he has from 1,000 to 1,200 quarts per day during the season.

Prof. Mapes stated that he soils twenty head of cattle, but instead of letting them run in a yard, he keeps them tied in stalls, and has kept them thus *six* years without being removed, unless when making some alteration in the premises.

The Secret of a Large Crop.—1. *A soil containing all the elements of nutrition.*—Among many other things, corn and potatoes must have silicate of potash, apples require lime, pears need phosphates, &c. Analysis, and wise experience without analysis, will suggest what crops suit particular soils, and how the deficiencies of soil may best be remedied by manures.

2. *A proper proportion of moisture, air, light and heat.*—Moisture forms the juices that circulate through the plant, carrying the minerals received from the earth, and the elements contributed by the air. It is a main agent in the elaboration of those things, and their final deposition in the seed and fruit. Air is needful as contributing part of the food of the plant. Heat and light are indispensable stimulants of all vegetable processes.

3. *Wise cultivation.*—Ploughing, &c., developes the mineral elements of the soil, affords a passage for the roots, and favors the action of moisture, air, light and heat. At the same time, it removes all other vegetables that would prevent the growth of the main crop.

4. *Congeniality and length of season.*—Suppose a field of corn on a good soil. Congeniality of season secures a proper proportion of moisture, air, light and heat, and their wise action and interaction. Length of season will give largeness to the results of such a soil in such a season. C. E. GOODRICH.

Utica, Aug. 26th, 1853.

Domestic Guano.—A correspondent of the Ohio Farmer makes what he entitles as above, in the following manner:—To four bushels of leached ashes he puts one bushel of hen manure, mixing them well with a shovel, and then covering the heap with Plaster of Paris. In a few days the mass will be completely dry and is left undisturbed until it is wished for use, when it is mixed over. The best time to apply it is just before a rain. He is of the opinion that a small handful applied to a hill of corn will add one-third to the crop.

☞ George II. being informed that an impudent printer was to be punished for having published a spurious King's speech, replied, "I hope the man's punishment will be of the mildest sort, because I have read both, and, as far as I understand either of them, I like the spurious speech better than my own."

The Olio.

BALLAD.

The following is a beautiful ballad, by Sir Robert Ayton, Secretary to the Scottish Queens, Mary and Anne:

I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair,
And I might have gone near to love thee,
Had I not found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak, had power to move thee;
But I can let thee now alone,
As worthy to be loved by none.

I do confess thou'rt sweet, yet find
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
Thy favors are but like the wind,
That kisseth every thing it meets;
And since thou canst kiss more than one,
Thou'rt worthy to be kiss'd by none.

The morning rose, that untouch'd stands,
Arm'd with her briers, how sweetly smells!
But pluck'd and strain'd through ruder hands,
Her sweets no longer with her dwells;
But scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves fall from her, one by one.

Such fate, ere long, will thee betide,
When thou hast handled been awhile,
Like sere flowers to be thrown aside,
And I shall sigh while some will smile,
To see thy love for more than one
Hath brought thee to be loved by none.

The Force of Love.—A marriage was celebrated a few days ago in the Church of the St. Antoine, Paris, and in the course of the ceremony a young woman of great beauty, who had been observed pale and agitated in the body of the church, was seized with convulsions. Assistance was afforded her, and when she recovered the ceremony had terminated and the wedding party had quitted the church. She immediately ran after them, and attempted to throw herself beneath the wheels of the carriage containing the newly married pair, but she was prevented. On this she flew into a violent passion against the persons who held her, and conducted herself so violently that she had to be put into a place of safety. Inquiries having been made respecting her, it was ascertained that she was the mistress of the man who had married, and that he had sworn repeatedly never to marry any one but her. Having learned that this marriage was fixed on, she became desperate, and resolved to create a scandal.

After being locked up some time a change came over her, and bursting into tears, she spoke of her faithless lover with great tenderness, and said that she would die to secure his happiness. She was conveyed to the hospital. She became seriously ill, and, although every attention was paid to her, she died on Saturday.

A case of a somewhat similar kind has to be related. A cabinet maker, living in the Marais, became passionately attached to a female, who, however, declined to marry him because he was not possessed of a sufficient fortune. This refusal gave him such a strong desire of being wealthy, that his mind was affected; in this state, he fancied he had suddenly become a millionaire, and that every piece of paper which fell into his hands was a bank-note. On Sunday, he went into a restaurant and ordered a comfortable dinner. When the waiter presented the bill, he produced the prospectus of a writing master, which had been given him in the street, and representing that it was a 500f. note, requested change for it. The waiter had him conveyed to the Commissary of Police. There it was ascertained beyond doubt that he was mad, and he was sent to the prefecture.—*Galignani's Messenger, Paris.*

Bachelorism Unnatural.—Men may say what they will, but we know that there can never be a paradise without some daughter of Eve within it; and home is only a place to eat and drink, and sit and sleep in, without the hallowing charms of a woman's presence. Men may say what they will about the jovial freedom of their Liberty Halls, but many a weary, joyless hour passes within them; many a discontented, peevish, snarling feeling is experienced, many a vacuum of heart and thought, many comfortless rainy day, many a long winter evening, when the ticking of the clock is the only sound, and that does but echo like the knell of departed moments that might have been joyously spent in cheerful companionship. And then for the lonely old bachelor to come into his dwelling wet and weary, without a creature to welcome him with either a word or a smile, a single gleam of pleasure, to brighten the place; nobody to consult his taste and comfort, nobody to prattle to him, to tell him the gossip of the neighborhood, and to link their sympathies and his interests with surrounding people; nobody to nurse him if he be sick, to console him if he be sorrowful; and then, as time creeps on and age overtakes him, to have no joyful prattler near him, no dimple-cheeked girls, no stalwart hopeful boys, in whose joy and enjoyment he might be young and happy again; and at least to leave none behind to mourn him—heigho! Nature will not suffer her laws to be violated with impunity, and she never designed that men should be old bachelors.

Economy in High Places.—The London correspondent of the Sunday Times states that Prince Albert is building a palatial residence at Balmoral, and goes on to speak of his income and expense as follows. We give it for what it is worth:

"He brought no money to England, it is true, but recollect that from February, 1840, Prince Albert has had an annuity of £30,000—that as Field Marshal, he receives £16 a day extra—that he has the pay and emoluments of two colonelcies—that he is a ranger of Windsor Park, and that every appointment he heaped upon him, which he decently can hold, his actual income is over £50,000 a year, out of which, having bed and board with his wife, his actual expenditure is not £4,000 a year. In fact, his savings already exceed half-a-million sterling, a very small portion of which he retains in England. A part is invested in public securities of Holland, part is in the French *rentes*, part is in United States securities, and I dare say that the house of Baring in New York, could tell you (but they won't) how much they have invested, in property in New York, for Albert and Victoria. She, it is well known, expects some great European revolution, which will drive her into exile, and has well laid up for a rainy day whenever the smash comes! That was what Louis Philippe did, and see the fruits of it—his family, out of France, have as much money as they care to spend.

Original Anecdote of Daniel Webster.—That pleasant sheet, the Boston Transcript, is answerable for permitting a correspondent to tell the following as an original anecdote of the great Daniel Webster:

In the summer of 1823, when a mere boy, I was at "Swift's," in Sandwich. My old schoolmaster was there also, and from him I had the tale. John Trout was the well known sobriquet of the fisherman who attended the four anglers on their excursions. John was remarkable for his veracity, but quite otherwise when his success with the book and line was the "subject of his story." One day he was out with Mr. Webster. Both were standing in a brook, patient waiters for a bite, when Mr. W. told John how he caught a large, a very large trout on a former occasion.

"Your honor," said John, "that was very well for a gentleman. But once, when I was standing down by yonder bush, I took a trout weighing—" I forget how much, but of course many ounces more than the great boyer's fish.

"Ah! John, John," exclaimed Mr. Webster, "you are an amphibious animal—*you live in water, and you lie out of it.*"

☞ The London papers relate the following: A private soldier of the Grenadier Guards, named Lancaster, spoke disrespectfully of one of the lance corporals. Lancaster was subsequently tried by a Court-Martial, and was sentenced to a term of punishment which he considered greater in proportion than the offence he had committed. He was just being removed from the Court, when he encountered his prosecutor, struck him a blow, and felled him to the ground. For this offence, he was further sentenced to receive fifty lashes on his back, and, in addition, to be imprisoned in the House of Correction for four months. The first part of the sentence was carried into effect on Saturday, in the mess-kitchen of the barracks, where the halberds were fixed; and on Lancaster being firmly tied thereto, he received the forty lashes from two drummers, each giving him twenty. A third drummer was then called in, and administered the final number. On being released, Lancaster called out as loud as he could—"Bravo! I have stood it like a man."

Anecdote.—The Turkish Ambassador at London was at a public dinner, in company with some of the magnates of the land, but, of course, drunk no wine. The President gave as a toast, in compliment to his Excellency, "The Sublime Porte and the Turkish Ambassador." A waiter echoed it down the table—"A supply of Port for the Turkish Ambassador."